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THE HON. WILLIAM DENNISON.

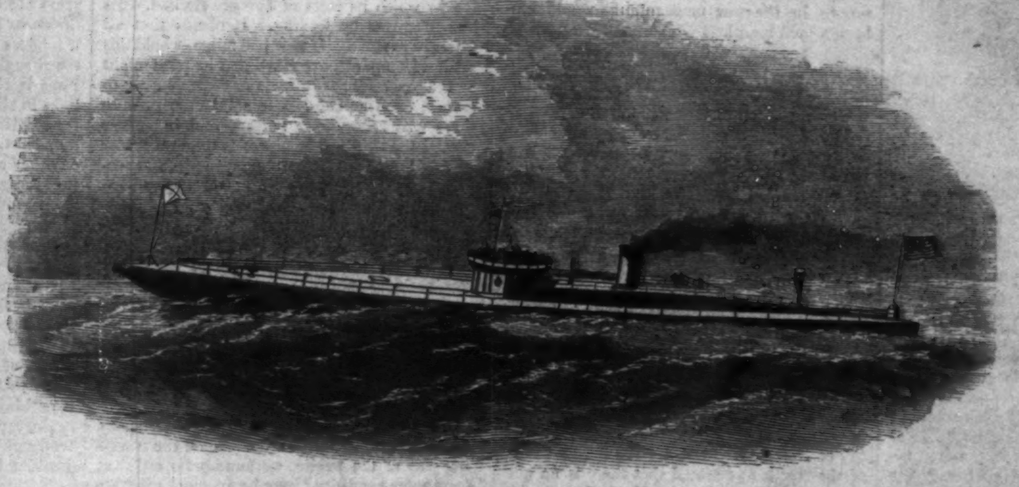
WILLIAM DENNISON was appointed Postmaster-General of the United States upon the resignation of MONTGOMERY BLAIR, of Maryland, September 24, 1864, and entered upon the discharge of his duties on the 1st day of October. He was born at Cincinnati on the 23d of November, 1815. On his mother's side he was of New England ancestry. His father was a native of New Jersey. In the year 1835 Mr. DENNISON graduated at Miami University, then a leading educational institution of the West. Mr. DENNISON pursued the study of law at Cincinnati, and was admitted to the bar in 1840. Mr. DENNISON soon after removed to Columbus, where he practiced his profession until 1848, when the Whigs of his district elected him to the Ohio Senate. His record as a Senator associates him with the repeal of the Ohio statutes denying colored persons the privileges of residence and of testimony in courts. His first public speech, in 1844, opposed the scheme for the extension of slavery involved in the admission of Texas into the Union; and his public acts and speeches have from that time to the present been consistent with the record thus early established.

In 1850 Mr. DENNISON retired from politics, though he was an ardent advocate of General SCOTT for President in 1852. About this time he began to turn his attention to the great railroad enterprises then being projected in the State.

Upon the inauguration of the Republican party Mr. DENNISON earnestly espoused its political creed, and in 1859 he was nominated as the Republican candidate for Governor of Ohio, and was elected.

When rebellion was declared by force of arms in April, 1862, Ohio, in all its departments of Government, was prepared to execute promptly the will of its people. The General Assembly had not adjourned. At his suggestion three millions of dollars were voted to protect Ohio from invasion or insurrection, and to sustain the Government against the rebels; additional military power was conferred upon the executive, and authority was granted for the immediate organization of troops for State defense. The response of Ohio to the call of President LINCOLN for 75,000 troops, and her prompt and generous responses to all subsequent calls by the General Government for aid against rebellion, form a prominent feature in the history of the war for the Union. Having organized nine regiments of infantry, two squadrons of cavalry, and one battery of artillery as State troops, under State law, Governor DENNISON appointed GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN, Major-General, to command them.

In the execution of his duties as Governor Mr. DENNISON never consulted his own ease. He was always prompt, energetic, and judicious in his official acts, and his administration was entirely satisfactory to the people of the State. Mr. DENNISON was Chairman of the Baltimore Convention in 1864. The appointment by the President of Mr. DENNISON to his present position is peculiarly fitting, and the country may be assured that he will honestly and industriously perform the duties to which he has been called as Postmaster-General.



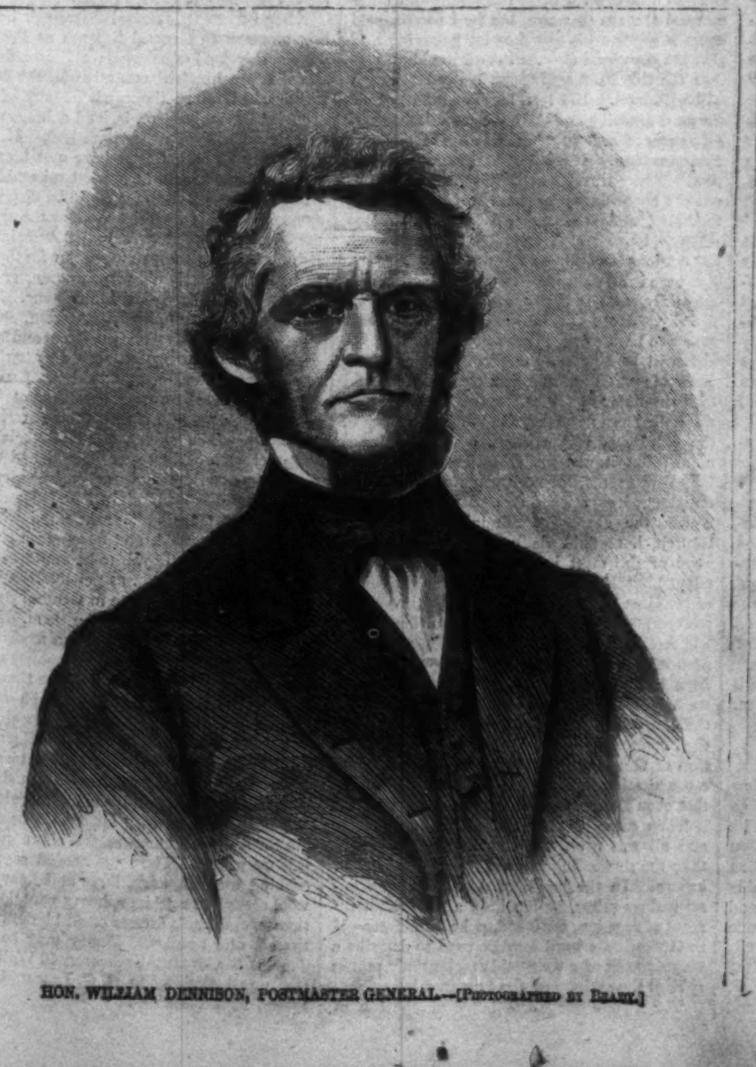
THE OCEAN MONITOR "DICTATOR."

GENERAL H. W. SLOCUM.

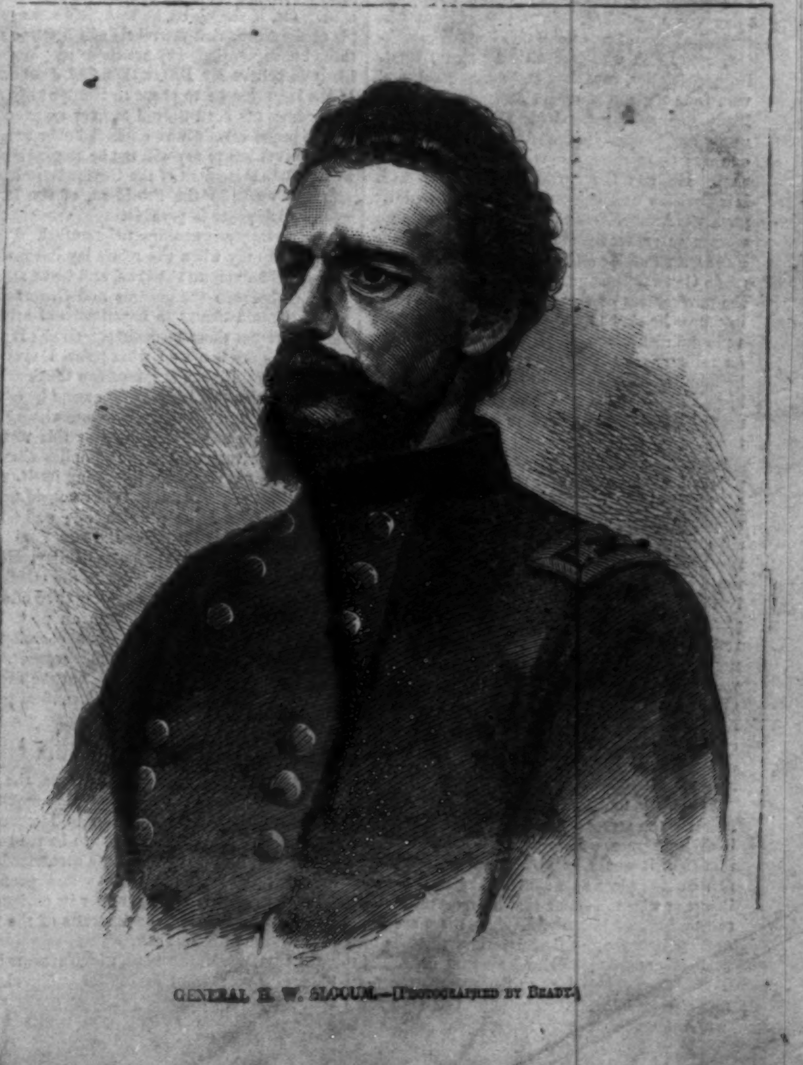
MAJOR-GENERAL H. W. SLOCUM, who commanded the left wing of SHERMAN'S army in its recent advance through Georgia, originally entered the war as Colonel of the Twenty-seventh New York Volunteers. This regiment left Elmira, one thousand strong, for Washington July 10, 1861. On August 9 of that year he was, at the same time with Colonel BLENKER, promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General. In the early portion of the war he was connected with the Virginia campaigns. In HOOKER'S Fredericksburg campaign General SLOCUM commanded the Twelfth Corps. At that time General HOWARD was also connected with the Army of the Potomac, commanding the Eleventh Corps. HOWARD now commands the three corps comprising the Army of the Tennessee. General SLOCUM'S record in the West has been a brilliant one. He took a prominent part in SHERMAN'S Atlanta campaign last summer, and was the first to enter the city after its evacuation by HOOD. He had in the mean time succeeded General HOOKER in the command of the Twentieth Corps. General SHERMAN, by intrusting to him the left column of his advancing army in the march through Georgia, gave him a confidence which was richly deserved, and which results have fully justified.

THE "DICTATOR."

THE ocean Monitor *Dictator* is an iron-clad ram, 3033 tons, and carrying two guns. Her length is 324 feet, breadth 52, and depth 22. She was built by C. H. DELAMATER, at the Delamater Iron Works, New York City, from drawings and plans by JOHN ERICSSON. Her keel was laid in September, 1862, and an attempt to launch her on the 28th of November, 1863, failed. A month afterward she was successfully launched. She is the largest of our iron-clads, except the *Dunderberg*, and takes part in the second attempt against Fort Fisher.



HON. WILLIAM DENNISON, POSTMASTER GENERAL.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]



GENERAL H. W. SLOCUM.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

LETTERS FROM SHERMAN'S ARMY.

Five hundred thousand evangels
  Sent to a million hearts
With the messages of triumph
  In the strength which love imparts;

Sent to the gray-haired fathers
  With a second gift of time,
To turn back their failing moments
  Into the years of prime;

Sent to dim-sighted mothers
  With results of years gone by,
To witness the work accomplished,
  And sweeten the time to die;

Sent to the fair child-brothers
  With the might of the sword and pen,
And the prophecy of conquest
  When they shall be bearded men;

Sent to unweary sisters
  As the mystic-lined device,
Whereon is the recognition
  Of their glory of sacrifice;

Sent to the wife and children,
  Dearer than life's sweet breath,
With the holy lesson of duty
  That looks in the eyes of death.

The volumes of sage and scholar
  Grow lifeless and dim beside
The life of these winged letters
  And their meaning glorified.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, January 28, 1865.

GENERAL BUTLER.

GENERAL BUTLER has made a grave mistake. In his farewell order to the Army of the James he says: "I have refused to order useless sacrifices of the lives of such soldiers; and I am relieved of your command." Does he really believe that he has been removed because he would not slaughter his soldiers? He is unjust to himself and to the Government in permitting himself to utter such an insinuation.

Of the patriotism, ability, and energy of General Butler there can be no doubt. But of the fact that, from Great Bethel to Wilmington, the purely military movements which he has directed have not been successful there is also no doubt. Certainly it is no shame to so effective a military governor that he should be proved to be no soldier. A man's qualities, however eminent, are not necessarily equal in every direction; and his removal from a military command is really no more discreditable to him than the withdrawal from the chair of mathematics of a professor who had no taste for algebra.

When the war began, and there was an imperative need of soldiers, they were not to be found. The few regularly-educated officers were all employed, while the demand for thousands more was unsatisfied. The Government was compelled, therefore, to call civilians to the service; and those who had shown general intelligence, fidelity, capacity, and promptness, and who from their antecedents and positions were likely to inspire general confidence, were naturally and properly selected. Among such no one was more conspicuous than General Butler. He was the earliest hero of the war. His decision and comprehension and rapidity gave us Annapolis and Baltimore; but they were moral rather than military victories. When Farragut took New Orleans the same qualities made General Butler an unsurpassed head of the government of that city. But in all these instances he shone by the force of his executive and administrative skill rather than by distinctive military superiority. Yet such was the public admiration of his services and capacity that his recall from New Orleans and his replacement by General Banks were felt to be misfortunes.

That his campaign before Petersburg was a public disappointment will not be denied. That he had not cut off reinforcements from Richmond, as he supposed, is clear; and that the subsequent military operations in his department, down to the failure at Wilmington, have not been successful, is indisputable. It is merely the truth to say that the public faith in his purely military ability is shaken, and that his retirement from a purely military command can not be considered a public misfortune. The war has winnowed our soldiers. The genius of Grant, Sherman, Thomas, and Sheridan has been established. Their names certify success. But when the reverse is the case, there can be no general complaint of the mere fact of removal.

It is very foolish and untrue, therefore, to speak of the removal of General Butler as in itself a disgrace. It is no more disgraceful to him than it would be to General Grant to be found out of place on a ship of the line. Nor is it just or wise to assume that his removal is due to any kind of jealousy. When there are fair and obvious reasons for an action, there is no need of assuming foul and obscure ones. If Thomas, or Sheridan, or Sherman were removed from military command at this time the country would justly demand to know the reasons, and there might well be suspicion of intrigue or doubtful purpose. But with the military career of General Butler plainly before us it is not difficult to see that his removal does not necessarily imply discredit either to himself or to the Government.

Every friend of General Butler must regret the words we have quoted from his farewell order, and every enemy of his and the country will smile. That he has always been peculiarly obnoxious to rebels and Copperheads and foreign foes was his glory. Such hate was the profoundest homage to his patriotism and efficiency. He never pleased them when in command, and it is only the more painful that he should gratify them in retiring. When he accuses the Government of removing him because he would not slaughter his soldiers he purposely insults it, and makes his recall to any active service very difficult. Even if he felt that he could no longer remain upon terms with the Administration, he should have remembered how surely his fling would react upon himself. If he thought that he was parting with all active service in the war magnanimity would have been a final laurel.

THE WHIRRING OF DOVES.

The air is full of the cooing of doves and the rustle of olive boughs. Mr. Blair has flown to Richmond as Mr. Greeley flew to Niagara Falls. It is to be seen whether the cooing of the one is more effective than that of the other.

So far as we can understand what the doves propose, it is to ascertain whether a true peace be now attainable. But how is that to be done by unofficial visits to Jefferson Davis, and how often are they to be made? To say that we ought to spare no effort to ascertain how the war is to be stopped is idle, because we do spare no effort, and we interpose no bar. The Government has said and repeated the terms upon which peace is possible. Have doves numbers one or two any new terms to offer?

"But we ought to strive," says Dove Parker, of New Jersey, "to let the deluded people of the South understand that there is no question of subjugation by the North, but that the Union and the Constitution are the sole objects of the war." Certainly we ought; and how is it to be done? Clearly not by any number of unofficial doves fluttering about the eaves of the Spottswood House in Richmond. Such embassies can serve no possible purpose. For Davis will naturally say, if you do not come from your Government we decline to declare upon what terms we will make peace. Or, if he did say, as to Jaquess and Kirke, that his first condition is independence, how does any one know that he speaks for the Southern people, or, on the other hand, that he might not say something else to official bearers of the olive?

If the doves wish to inform the people of the South what the purpose of the United States Government is, let them ask the President to repeat officially what he has incessantly reiterated. Or, if the object be to satisfy some people at the North that the rebels will listen to nothing but separation, why are those people more likely to believe Mr. Blair than Col. Jaquess? If the intention be to prove to Europe that the Government is not resolved to hear no proposition of peace, certainly an unofficial offer to hear what Davis has to say will not be so convincing as the plain statement of the Government itself, officially made by the President, of the terms upon which peace is possible.

For we suppose one thing to be settled. Peace is possible only when the rebels lay down their arms, and submit to the laws, and leave all differences between the citizens and Government of the United States to constitutional arbitration. Are not those terms imperative? If they are, what does it matter what terms Davis has to propose? If they are, how can the Southern people and Europe learn them except by official notification, and not by private interviews?

An infinite mischief is done by this well-intentioned private cooing. It implies that the Government is remiss in informing itself of the possibilities of peace; that it is resolved to persist in war for some ulterior end; and consequently the effort increases the very doubt and dissatisfaction which it proposes to allay. Moreover, it can not fail to suggest to the rebels and to Europe that the Government is tired of a war which it is constantly trying in an underhand way to stop; and if tired, then conscious of weakness or of a doubt of popular support.

The doves are very obliging, but the eagle is quite competent to conclude and confirm peace.

A BEGGING CRŒSUS.

The great corporation of the State, the New York Central Railroad Company, has applied to the Legislature for permission to increase its rates of fare; in other words, to be paid more highly for its utterly inadequate accommodation of travelers, for its enormous and profitable through freight transport, and for its curious and constant disregard of the interests of the trade of the State of New York.

The business of this road, which appears in the light of a mendicant asking for public charity, transcends its utmost capacity to perform, and its profits are proportional. Its line groans with the incessant passage of cars. The Sabbath air hums with its ponderous traffic. The wretched sheds in which it huddles its passengers are thronged by them all day and all night, wearily waiting for the trains delayed for hours and hours by the vast weight and length caused by the crowds of travelers who make the best shift they can. Meanwhile the warehouses of traders along the route are piled with merchandise which there is no means of carrying. Merchants buy and sell at one point, return home to another, and vainly wait week after week for a chance to send or to receive their goods. The through Western freight is so immense that the way freight along the line of the road is sacrificed, although the road was built to accommodate the State of New York. One of the officers of the road lately remarked that it had not half power enough to do its work.

And this Company, staggering under this vast business, so pressed with it that it has not means enough to do it, a great monopoly of the whole winter carriage through the most populous region of the State, now asks for a repeal of the law by which its rates of fare are limited. Its hunger grows by feeding. It pleads that all prices have risen. If they had fallen, would this modest Company have asked that its rates might be reduced? That it needs any such succor to save it from actual loss is a ludicrous joke to those who know what persons and influences control the road. The object is to get a firmer hold of larger profits, at the expense of the people of the State and of all who travel upon it.

The power of the Central Railroad as a political engine is notorious. It has not quite subdued the State to itself as the Camden and Amboy has the State of New Jersey; but its direct political influence, not to say coercion, is known. It is one of the demoralizing powers of the State, and, it is no untruth to say, attempts to carry its ends in the Legislature by means which it would not openly confess. If it does not directly or indirectly bribe, it is as much maligned as it is modest.

If it is impossible to prevent the Company from laying another heavy tax upon the traveling part of the public, we humbly hope that at least some conditions may be imposed with the grant; as, for instance, that a certain per-centage of the local freight shall be regularly transported; that decent and sufficient station-houses shall replace the bleak and shameful sheds at Albany, Utica, Syracuse, and other points; that the new patent brake and raised-roof car shall be substituted for those now often used; that the conductor shall be obliged to furnish every passenger a seat or to refund the fare, and, in general, that this towering corporation, which exists by the public consent and is supported by the money of the public, shall be compelled to conduct itself as what it is, the servant and not the master of the people of New York.

THE POPE'S BULL.

King Canute sat upon the shore and commanded the sea to retire, but he had the good sense to reprove his courtiers for flattering him that the sea would obey. Pope Pius Ninth orders the tide back again, and really believes it will withdraw. His late letter is both one of the most amusing and the most humiliating performances of modern times. It is a bull against Protestantism. It is an edict against civilization. Every traveler in Italy recalls the worn-out old house-dogs who sleep in the sun, infirm, toothless, and voiceless, who open their eyes when a horse trots by, and feebly go through the motions of barking, for they can do no more. But here is an old guardian who opens his eyes languidly, and snarls at the sun traveling up the sky. He growls at the time of day, and affects to bark at the inevitable hours.

It will be nineteen years in June since Cardinal Mastai Ferretti was elected Pope, and took the name of Pius Ninth. His accession was hailed as a new era. Gregory Sixteenth, the old Pope, was a bigot, a narrow-minded monk; but it was fondly believed that "Pio Nono" was a man of such generous nature and enlightened experience that he would not only reform the abuses of administration in the Church, but would gladly place himself at the head of the most intelligent party in it, and adapt himself and the Church to the conditions of the time, in order that it might still be a real power and retain the confidence and love of its wisest children. He began by some political amnesties, and by removing the Papal residence from the Vatican to the Quirinal. Both acts were hailed as of the best augury, and during the first year of his reign the popular homage to the Pope was scarcely less than the recent adoration of Garibaldi. There was even a hint of a constitution, and so good and just he seemed that even that was believed possible.

Then came the French revolution of 1848, and all was over. A blanker disappointment than the succeeding years of his reign was never known. In the hands of Antonelli, an unscrupulous priest, he has been a passive instrument of reaction, until at last he fulminates—if so Gregorian a word may be used to describe a bleat instead of a roar—this melancholy protest against the activity of the human mind.

The Pope's encyclical letter of the 8th of December, 1864, is a *resumé* of all his denunciations against religious and political liberty, with a fresh effort "to destroy new opinions." This poor old gentleman in Rome sighs for the rack, and sobs for thumb-screws. It is a wicked error, he exclaims, that the civil power ought not to punish religious heresy. My excellent predecessor, Gregory, he cries, declared that the doctrine of the right of every man to liberty of conscience and of worship is a "delirium," and I say Amen! Freedom of speech and common schools are no better. And why indeed should we wonder that a potentate whose power depends upon intellectual darkness should complain of increasing light? That public opinion should have any weight whatever he declares to be a monstrous heresy. And why should he not say so of public opinion, since he knows what public opinion says of him?

The reason of the expiring power of the great institution that once controlled Christendom is nowhere more fully manifested than in this letter. It proposes to deal with man in the world, and it refuses to understand either. It is like a parent who does not see that his son at thirty years old is not his son of two years, and who threatens him with the dark closet and the rod if he does not go to bed at sunset. Meanwhile the thoughtful men of the Church of which the Pope is chief bishop—men who know and delight in the inevitable progress of the race and the amelioration of its condition—must be confounded by this futile and foolish wail. If to-day they are to be told by the highest authority they recognize that religious liberty is a naughty chimera, that honest differences of opinion ought to be punished by the brute force of the strongest, that governments existing by popular consent are contrary to the divine purpose, and that education is pernicious to the spiritual welfare of man, they can only hang their heads, and, as they are more or less heroic, decide either that the infallible head of the Church is the most foolish of mortals, or that he is miraculously allowed to say what common sense denies. There is nothing which the best and wisest have urged against the inevitable moral and intellectual tendency of the Romish Church which is not justified by the Pope's encyclical letter.

SHERMAN'S FREEDMEN.

Every great military success upon our side brings equally great responsibilities. None of them is more obvious, none more pressing, than the condition of the freedmen in the States which we occupy, or who flock to our lines. Their coming is natural and inevitable. Even the opponents of what is called the emancipation policy have always agreed that the march of our armies would free the slaves. Those opponents are men, and they know very well that they themselves would rather take the chances of liberty than the certainties of slavery. It was hoped, it was known, that Sherman's great march would bring thousands of slaves with it. It has done so. Did we think, also, how we should be ready to receive them?

After Sherman reached Savannah he sent this message to General Saxton at Beaufort, with a ship-load of negroes: "Please find inclosed seven hundred contrabands, the first installment of fifteen thousand. Many of them are from far up in Georgia, and a long, weary, and sorrowful tramp they have had. Many of them with little children have not brought a thing with them, and have most miserable covering. Bales of clothing could be disposed of among them." On Christmas-Day the agent of the National Freedmen's Relief Association at Beaufort was called upon to prepare for these seven hundred, mostly old men, women, and children, who would arrive within an hour. Half of them had come from Macon, Atlanta, and even Chattanooga. They were intelligent and healthy, but footsore and weary. They were utterly without blankets, stockings, and shoes. Among the seven hundred there were not fifty pots or kettles for cooking, no axes, and few coverings for the head. The agents of the Association at once set vigorously to work, and had the unfortunates housed in a disused commissary building through the rainy night that followed.

The next morning four hundred were sent off properly guarded, and were encamped upon the island of Port Royal, to be scattered among the plantations as soon as possible. What little superfluous stores were in General Saxton's hands were distributed among them. But the agent reports that there are no stockings, no children's clothing, no cloth for shirts or petticoats, no needles or thread to make them. The blankets are almost gone. Through exposure two hundred of the four hundred are sick; and before his report could reach the officers of the association in New York, the agent says that from three to five thousand more, equally destitute, will arrive to join his suffering colony.

The story is its own appeal. These people are thrown upon our care. We can not avoid it if we would. The most needed supplies are cooking utensils, axes, large and heavy shoes, wool socks and stockings, heavy pantaloons, petticoats, children's dresses of all kinds, blankets, thread, and needles. Money may be sent to Joseph B. Collins, Treasurer, 40 Wall Street; goods and clothing to C. C. Leigh, 1 Mercer Street, New York.

If so generously and properly we send supplies to those who were lately our enemies, to those whose devotion to slavery occasioned the war, can we forget the innocent people who, as they have been the bruised victims of the long peace of slavery, are now the patient victims of the war of liberty?

THE FALL OF FORT FISHER.

THE history of the Wilmington Expedition is another proof of our Lieutenant-General's indomitable pertinacity. He never undertakes without final accomplishment. He may not succeed in the first instance, or a partial reverse may reveal to him the insufficiency in the means taken, or the incompetency of his subordinates. But he holds on notwithstanding, providing new means and shelving incapable officers, knowing that in the end, sooner or later, victory awaits the patient soldier.

BUTLER failed to take Fort Fisher, and men had hardly got through with reasoning upon his failure and its causes before the news of complete success, under another commander, upsets or modifies their military critiques. This success is of the first importance. The capture of Fort Fisher does not mean alone the taking of 75 guns and several hundred prisoners. It involves a loss to the rebels of their principal port, and to us whatever gain may come from the release of our blockading fleet at this point. But its chief value is in relation to the future military operations of Generals GRANT and SHERMAN. The Cape Fear River is a convenient base for the most efficient co-operation of the two great armies now overshadowing the Atlantic rebel States.

The assault made on the 15th, and the five hours' fight hand to hand with the garrison of the fort, is not surpassed in the annals of war. The three brigades of AMES'S Division—CURTIS'S, PENNYBACKER'S, and BELL'S—covered themselves with glory. Every one of the brigade commanders were wounded—two of them dangerously. Our loss, estimated at nearly one thousand, indicates the terrible sharpness of the fight. Two hundred of these were wounded by the bursting of a magazine after the fort was captured.

There was perfect harmony between the two parts of the expedition, and it is hard to say which deserves the most honor—PORTER for his effective bombardment, or TERRY for his skillful disposition of the land-force and conduct of the assault.

EDWARD EVERETT.

MR. EVERETT died as his warmest friends would have wished—quietly, painlessly, in his own home, and in the ripeness of his powers, his services, and his fame. He was our most eminent private citizen, and his death is doubly happy that it occurs when his lofty fidelity to the country has disarmed criticism and justified the early faith of many who had been long estranged by the timidity of his political course at a time when timidity seemed almost treachery.

He was a singularly fortunate man from the beginning. A brilliant collegian; a fascinating young clergyman; a conspicuous public man, Representative, Governor, Embassador, Senator, Secretary of State; an accomplished scholar and President of the University at Cambridge; a persuasive and polished orator, whose speeches are works for students and statesmen; and self-devoted to a fair but futile mission of sentimental union; a copious, learned, delightful, and even humorous author, but with no single literary monument of his varied scholarship and skill; cold, cautious, exact, punctual, proper, but gentle, courteous, courtly, and serene; loving praise and sensitive to blame, yet never stung by it into vituperation or fiery retort, he passed from shining point to point of popular fame, not a man of the heroic mould by which states are founded or saved, but of that grace and refinement and gentleness by which they are truly adorned; and he dies when his threescore and ten years are fulfilled, with the words of patriotic sympathy warm upon his lips, honored by the nation and beloved by his countrymen, *beatus ille*, to the end.

SKATING.

OATMAN AND VAN DYKE'S Skating Pond, on the Fifth Avenue, between Fifty-eighth and Fifty-ninth streets, is one of the chief attractions this winter. The ice is kept in excellent condition, the Police arrangements are satisfactory, and for children and ladies it is the safest place known to us. Colonel OATMAN himself is always present to supervise, and deserves the thanks of all lovers of the sublime art of skating for his energy and enterprise in providing this pond.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE SITUATION.

A VERY important measure passed the Senate last week, having for its end the repeal of the Reciprocity Treaty. This is not occasioned by the late difficulties arising out of the St. Albans raid. The treaty has been unequal, and it yearly deprives the Government of a large revenue which would otherwise accrue. The Constitutional Amendment is still under consideration in the House. The debate has been conducted with great moderation, but has taken a very narrow scope for so important a subject.

The military situation has been again modified by a great victory. The fortifications on Federal Point, commanding the mouth of Cape Fear River, have been reduced by Admiral Porter and General Terry. Fort Fisher has been taken without a siege. This most important success secures two results—first, the closing of the port of Wilmington against blockade-runners; and second, an excellent base of military operations for General Sherman's army.

CONGRESS.

January 10:

In the Senate, the Deficiency bill was passed. The Consular bill was postponed till the 13th.

In the House, a resolution was adopted directing the Military Committee to inquire and report what legislation is necessary to secure to persons arrested and imprisoned by the military authorities a prompt examination into the cause of their arrest, and their discharge if there is no cause, or their speedy trial if there is. The debate on the constitutional amendment was resumed.

January 11:

In the Senate, the resolution to repeal the Reciprocity Treaty was discussed at length. The principal speech against the resolution was Mr. Hale's. He said that the general operation of the treaty had been beneficial. The exports to Canada had within a few years increased from six to twenty-five millions of dollars. Both free and duty-paying goods had increased. In 1853 the exports to Canada were $7,000,000; in 1854, $15,000,000; in 1856, $22,000,000; and in 1863, $28,000,000. The imports had increased from $490,000 to $20,000,000. He thought we ought not to strike a blow at commerce when we need the sinews of war so much. He believed it would strengthen the rebels and weaken the Union cause to repeal the treaty. Mr. Sumner replied to Mr. Hale. He said the treaty might be seen under four different heads. It concerns the fisheries, the navigation of the St. Lawrence, the commerce between the United States and the British Provinces, and the revenue of the United States. In regard to the fisheries there was a plain advantage, because the treaty secured tranquillity where formerly there had been irritation. As to the navigation of the St. Lawrence the concession made to us was little more than nominal. It appears that during the first six years of the treaty only forty American vessels, containing 12,550 tons, passed seaward through the St. Lawrence; and during the same time only nineteen vessels, containing 5446 tons, returned by the same open highway. These are very petty amounts when we consider the value of the commerce on the lakes, which, in 1856, was $58,797,320; or when we consider the carrying trade between the United States and the British Provinces. Take the years 1857 to 1862, inclusive, and we shall find that, during this period, the shipping of the United States which cleared for the British Provinces was 10,707,239 tons, and the foreign shipping which cleared during this same period was 7,391,399 tons, while the shipping of the United States which entered at our custom-houses from the British Provinces was 10,056,183 tons, and the foreign shipping which entered was 6,453,520 tons. The navigation of the St. Lawrence need not therefore be considered an element in this discussion. Next, the treaty was to be viewed in its relation to the commerce between the two countries. This had increased immensely, but this fact could not be accounted for by the treaty. It was due to the increase of population, and the increased facilities of railroad transportation. The railroad system between the two countries had been a reciprocity treaty more comprehensive and equal than any written on parchment. In the three years immediately preceding the treaty the total exports to Canada and the other British provinces were $48,216,518, and the total imports were $22,588,577, being of exports to imports in the proportion of one hundred to forty-six. In the ten years of the treaty the total exports to Canada and the British provinces were $256,350,931. The total imports were $200,399,786. According to these amounts the exports were in the proportion of one hundred to seventy-eight. If we take Canada alone we shall find the change in their proportion greater still. The total exports to Canada in the three years immediately preceding the treaty were $31,866,865, and the total imports were $6,587,674, being in the proportion of one hundred to fifty-two; while the whole exports to Canada alone during the ten years of the treaty were $176,371,911, and the total imports were $161,474,347, being in the proportion of one hundred to ninety-four. In the last place the treaty was to be considered in its relation to the revenues of the country. If no treaty had been made, and commerce had increased in the same ratio as before the treaty, Canada would have paid to the United States in the ten years of the treaty at least $16,373,800, from which she has been relieved. This sum had actually been lost to the United States. In return Canada had given up $2,650,890, being the amount it would have collected if no treaty had been made. There was a vast disproportion to the detriment of the United States. During the ten years of the treaty the United States had actually paid in duties to Canada $16,802,962, while during the same period Canada had paid in duties to the United States the very moderate sum of $930,447. Here again was a vast disproportion to the detriment of the United States. The same inequality might be seen in another way. During the ten years of the treaty dutiable products of the United States had entered Canada and the other provinces to the amount of $83,337,619, while during the same period dutiable products of Canada and the other provinces have entered the United States only to the amount of $7,750,463. During the same period free products of the United States had entered Canada and the other provinces to the amount of $118,853,972, while free products of Canada and the other provinces had entered the United States to the amount of $178,500,184. Here again was a vast disproportion to the detriment of the United States. Mr. Sumner then quoted from the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, showing that the treaty had released from duty a total sum of $42,333,257, in value of goods of Canada more than of goods the product of the United States. From these various considerations it was clear to him that the revenue of the United States had suffered by this treaty, and that in this important particular its advantages had not been equally shared by the two countries.

In the House, a bill was passed providing that in any action by or against any executors, administrators, or guardians, in which judgment may have been rendered for or against them, neither party shall be allowed to testify against the other on any transaction, unless called to testify by the opposite party or by the court. The House then resumed the consideration of the proposed amendment to the Constitution.

January 12:

In the Senate, a communication was received from the President in regard to the arrangement limiting the naval armament on the Northern lakes, showing that the limitation of force was first sought by this Government. The arrangement was made between Richard Rush, Acting Secretary of State, and Charles Bagat, British Envoy Extraordinary. A report from the Judiciary Committee, signified that there was no law requiring the President to give sixty days' notice in calling for an extra session. The consideration of the repeal of the Reciprocity Treaty was resumed, pending which a recess was taken of ten minutes to allow the members to pay their respects to Vice-Admiral Farragut, who was on the floor; after which the debate was renewed, and the resolution finally passed 31 to 8. As the resolution had already passed the Senate it only needs the President's signature to become final.

In the House, the debate was continued on the Constitutional Amendment.

January 13:

In the Senate, the Consular Appropriation bill was passed. Mr. Hale's amendment to the bill, giving the Consul at Halifax $3000 instead of $2000 salary was lost. Occasion was taken to give notice of the tenacity of the Senate in regard to the Monroe doctrine, by passing an amendment inserting before the word "Mexico" the word "Republic." Said Mr. Wade, we can only recognize the Republic; we have nothing to do with the Empire.

In the House, the debate on the Constitutional Amendment was continued. The consideration of the subject will not again come up until January 30.

January 16:

In the Senate, a resolution offered by Mr. Sumner was adopted that the President communicate to the Senate any information in his possession showing the practical operation of the Tenth Article of the Treaty of August 9, 1842 (the Ashburton Treaty), and the expediency of giving the British Government the notice required for the termination of such Article.

In the House, the Senate's amendments to the joint resolution for the repeal of the Reciprocity Treaty were concurred in. Some peace resolutions offered by Mr. Cox were laid on the table by a vote of 84 to 51.

January 17:

In the Senate, no important measure was acted upon.

In the House, the subject of providing a republican government for States overthrown or subverted by rebellion came up, and was postponed for two weeks.

MORE ABOUT GRIERSON'S RAID.

General Grierson left Memphis with about 3000 men December 21. Last week we gave an account of his progress along the Mobile and Ohio Railroad from Corinth to Okolona—a distance of 70 miles. He had thus far entirely destroyed the railroad. Ten miles further south at Egypt he had a sharp fight with a rebel force and captured 500 prisoners. Instead of proceeding to Meridian he left the line of the railroad at Egypt, being compelled to do so by the concentration of the enemy against him, and moved westward, striking the Mississippi Central Railroad below Granada, Mississippi, destroying 30 miles of it with several locomotives and 50 cars, together with extensive rebel factories.

The command consisted of three brigades, commanded by Kargi, Winslow, and Osband. About 700 prisoners were captured, among whom was Brigadier-General Gholson, and there were brought in 1000 able-bodied negroes and 1000 horses. Forty miles of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad were so badly damaged that Hood's army can not repair it for months. New pontoons, new wagons, and a large amount of supplies *en route* for Hood were destroyed in the cars. The destruction at Nevada included 300 wagons and 500 carbines intended for Forrest. Grierson's loss was about 100 killed and wounded.

HOOD AND THOMAS.

A dispatch from Beauregard, dated Macon, January 7, reads as follows:

"General Hood reports from Spring Hill, December 27, 1864, that on the morning of the 15th instant, in front of Nashville, the enemy attacked both flanks of his army. They were repulsed on the right with heavy loss, but toward evening they drove in his infantry outposts on the left flank.

"Early on the 16th the enemy made a general attack on his entire line. All their assaults were handsomely repulsed with heavy loss until 6.30 P.M., when a portion of our line to the left of the centre suddenly gave way, causing our lines to give way at all points, our troops retreating rapidly. Fifty pieces of artillery and several ordnance-wagons were lost by us on that day. Our loss in killed and wounded heretofore small; in prisoners not ascertained. Major-General Edward Jackson, and Brigadier-Generals T. B. Smith and H. R. Jackson are captured."

The date of the above report should be December 17 instead of December 27, but was probably changed by mistake in the telegram. This report of Hood's is an out-and-out falsehood. Hood says we were repulsed on his right. This is only partially true, though it must be admitted that Hood's right did hold its own ground during the day; the attack here was only a demonstration. He says we drove in the infantry outposts on his left toward night. What he means by "infantry outposts" in this case would be hard to define. The truth is, his whole left was by night pressed back several miles from its original position. Then he says that on the 16th all our assaults were repulsed until 6.30 P.M., when his left centre gave way. Perhaps so. All we know is, that at 6.30 P.M. the fighting was already over, and the grand result of the day had already been accomplished. Hood very incidentally states that during the day he lost fifty cannon and several ordnance-wagons. This was probably while we were being "handsomely repulsed."

From a dispatch of General Thomas's, dated December 29, we have the following estimate of Hood's losses since he entered Tennessee:

1. At the Battle of Franklin: 6000 killed, wounded, and captured; 6 general officers killed, 6 wounded, and 1 captured.
2. At Murfreesborough on the 8th: 1207 killed, wounded, and captured; 1 general killed; 2 guns.
3. In the Battle of Nashville on the 15th and 16th: 4462 captured; 53 guns; 3000 stands of small-arms; 5 generals wounded and captured.
4. During the retreat: 1500 to 2000 captured; 15 guns.

Total: 13,469 killed, wounded, and captured; 12 generals put out of combat; 70 guns.

This estimate does not include the killed and wounded at the battle of Nashville, because the number of these was not known. Supposing the number of casualties to have been equal to our own, it must have been over 7000. Four or five rebel generals were killed or wounded who are not included in Thomas's estimate.

RELIEF FOR SAVANNAH.

A meeting was held by the New York Produce Exchange on the 11th inst., to take action in reference to the relief of the suffering citizens of Savannah. Colonel Julian Allen, an agent authorized by Mayor Arnold, addressed the meeting. He said that the people of Savannah, as a general thing, were loyal; but if only a few of them were true to the Union, it was better that ten guilty rebels should be fed than that one loyal man should starve. He believed that a Union sentiment pervaded the State of Georgia.

Resolutions were then unanimously adopted, recommending the appointment of a committee of seventeen, to carry out the object of the meeting.

Contributions for the suffering people of Savannah were to be received, and forwarded free in a Government steamer, leaving on the 14th or 15th inst.

FIGHT WITH INDIANS IN COLORADO.

January 7 a party of Indians attacked the Overland Mail Coach near Julesburg, Colorado, robbing the express mail. They also attacked a mule train near by, killing one man. The troops at Julesburg started at once in pursuit, and a fight ensued, in which 35 Indians and 19 whites were killed. The Indians retreated southward.

EMANCIPATION IN MISSOURI.

The State Convention of Missouri, at St. Louis, on the 11th instant, passed the following ordinance of emancipation by a vote of 60 to 4:

"Be it ordained by the people of the State of Missouri, in Convention assembled, that hereafter in this State there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except in punishment of crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted; and all persons held to service or labor as slaves are hereby declared free."

MILITARY NOMINATIONS.

Of the list of military nominations recently sent into the Senate by the President the Military Committee of the Senate have considered and agreed to report for confirmation the following in the regular army: Major-General W. T. Sherman, to date from August 12, 1864; Major-General G. G. Meade, to date from August 18, 1864; Major-General P. H. Sheridan, to date from November 8, 1864; Major-General G. H. Thomas, to date from December 15, 1864; Brigadier-General Hancock, to date from August 12, 1864; Colonel Benjamin S. Fisher, to be Chief of Signal Corps, to date from December 3, 1864.

NEWS ITEMS.

The rebel General Lyon, who has been trying a raid into Kentucky, with 800 men, passed through M'Minville in his retreat, capturing a company of Federal cavalry. He crossed the Chattanooga Railroad below Tullahoma, tore up a few rails, and moved on his way to join Forrest in Alabama.

The rebels have placed a large working force on the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad, to repair the damages suffered from Stoneman's raid.

Jefferson Davis, in his late message, said that out of 11,796 bales of cotton shipped since last July from the rebellion, only 1272 were lost. However that may be, it is known that during that time 7834 bales fell into the hands of Federal cruisers.

Major-General Ord has succeeded General Butler in the command of the Army of the James.

The rebels made another attack on our picket line in front of Petersburg on the morning of the 9th, just before daylight, and captured a few videttes on the right of the Second Division of the Sixth Corps.

The loyal men of Philadelphia have subscribed and raised a fund with which to purchase a house for the wife of Lieutenant-General Grant, at a cost of $50,000.

A detachment of Early's rebel army, under General Rosser, made an attack on Beverly, West Virginia, on the 11th inst., and, after an obstinate resistance on the part of the small national force stationed there, captured it and made prisoners of a considerable portion of the garrison, and soon after moved off.

Deserters from Lee's army report that some of his troops have lately been sent from Richmond to oppose Sherman in South Carolina.

The water in the James River has recently been very high, in many places overflowing the banks, and it appears that it has washed away a considerable portion of the bulkhead of the Dutch Gap Canal, which the explosion on New-Year's Day failed to remove. It is said that a stream ten feet wide and several feet deep now flows through.

The manner in which the rebel guerrilla Mosby was wounded is thus given by the Richmond *Sentinel*: "He had been skirmishing during the 21st with the enemy, and at night was getting some supper at a farmer's house. The enemy, who were supposed to have retired, suddenly surrounded the house in large numbers. Colonel Mosby, hearing their footsteps, passed out of the room in which he was, and found himself confronting a squad that had entered the house. At the same moment he was shot through the window by some one without. The ball entered just under the ends of the ribs, on the left side, and passed out at a similar point on the right side, without wounding the bowels. He walked into a room and lay down." Mosby had stated to the Federals that he was an officer in the Sixth Cavalry.

A rebel correspondent, writing from Florence, South Carolina, says that in the stockade at that place there are still 10,000 men, over 1000 having died from scurvy.

The rebels in Richmond did not hear the explosion at Dutch Gap on New-Year's Day, receiving their first information of the event from the New York papers.

A correspondent of the Richmond *Sentinel*, speaking of Hardy and Pendelton Counties, Virginia, says that the people are generally disloyal to the Confederacy, and the mountains are infested with bushwhackers and swamp dragoons. These counties are just west from Strasburg, on the South Branch of the Shenandoah.

On the 11th inst. the Galt House, at Louisville, was entirely destroyed by fire. The aggregate loss is estimated at a million dollars. One person, William Hanna, of Shelby County, Kentucky, perished in the flames. The Galt House was, after the Lindell Hotel, at St. Louis, the largest hotel in the West. In 1861 Generals Sherman, Buell, Anderson, and others, made it their head-quarters. It was in this house that General Jeff C. Davis shot General William Nelson in September, 1862.

Hon. William Pitt Fessenden has been elected United States Senator for six years from the 4th of March next.

Major-General Sherman, in a letter to Quarter-master General Meigs, dated Savannah, says: "You may use my name in any circular addressed to the Quarter-masters of the army, to the effect that every part of the Southern country will support their armies by a judicious system of foraging. More animals are lost to your department while standing idle, hitched to their wagons, than during the long and seemingly hard marches into the interior."

Mr. Henry S. Foote, of Mississippi, who a short time ago delivered a speech in the rebel Congress, bitterly denunciatory of Jeff Davis and the whole rebel government, and then resigned his seat, was captured a few days since at Occoquan, only fifteen miles from Alexandria, Virginia, by rebel cavalry who had been sent in pursuit of him. At the time he was endeavoring, in company with his wife, to make his escape from Rebeldom, and had, in fact, got within the Union lines, when, owing to an unavoidable delay on his part, Jeff's emissaries were enabled to overtake and capture him. Mrs. Foote has arrived in Washington.

Major-General John A. Logan reached Savannah January 6, and resumed command of the Fifteenth Army Corps, which during the march through Georgia was commanded by General Osterhaus.

A Halifax, N. S., dispatch states that the late rebel pirate *Tallahassee*, now changed to a blockade-runner, and called the *Chameleon*, is under arrest at Bermuda.

The rebels have been very busy preparing the railroad north of Hicksford for the relaying of the rails, but as yet none have been put down, probably because they do not possess them.

On the 7th instant the steamship *Melville*, two days out from New York, on its way to Hilton Head, foundered and became a complete wreck. There were eighty-one persons on board, of whom only four are known to be saved. The passengers were nearly all residents of Port Royal.

The Denver City *News* reports that Colonel Kit Carson, with a few of the companies of the First New Mexico Cavalry, lately ran against a band of 1000 Indians, Kiowas and Camanches, on Red River, south of the road from Fort Union to the States, and was badly repulsed. He had to fight his way back.

Ohio has furnished 211,500 men to the army and navy, of whom 16,500 have died in service, and about 8000 have been disabled.

Hon. James Guthrie has been elected to take the place of Hon. Lazarus W. Powell to represent Kentucky in the Senate.

The town of Fishkill, on the Hudson, has become the victim of oil-fever. Indications of the existence of oil have been found on several farms in the vicinity, but it is extremely doubtful whether mining will prove a profitable speculation. Oil in any considerable quantity can only be found in great coal regions. There is in the North an investment in the oil business amounting to more than three hundred millions of dollars, exclusive of private enterprise. In New York city alone there are 112 oil companies, with a capital of $134,045,000. In Philadelphia the capital thus invested amounts to over $164,000,000.

The population of Wisconsin cities, according to the new State census, is as follows: Milwaukie, 44,700; Madison, 9072; Fond-du-Lac, 8861; Racine, 7212.

Thomas Church Brownell, Bishop of Connecticut, and presiding Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, died at his residence in Hartford, on the 13th instant, at the age of eighty-six years.

The United States sloop of war *San Jacinto* struck a reef off No Name Key on the Bahama Banks, December 31, and became a wreck. The crew and most of the stores and guns were saved. She was a screw steamer, 1446 tons, and carried 14 guns.

General Godfrey Weitzel was, on the 13th inst., united in marriage to Miss Louise Bogen, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

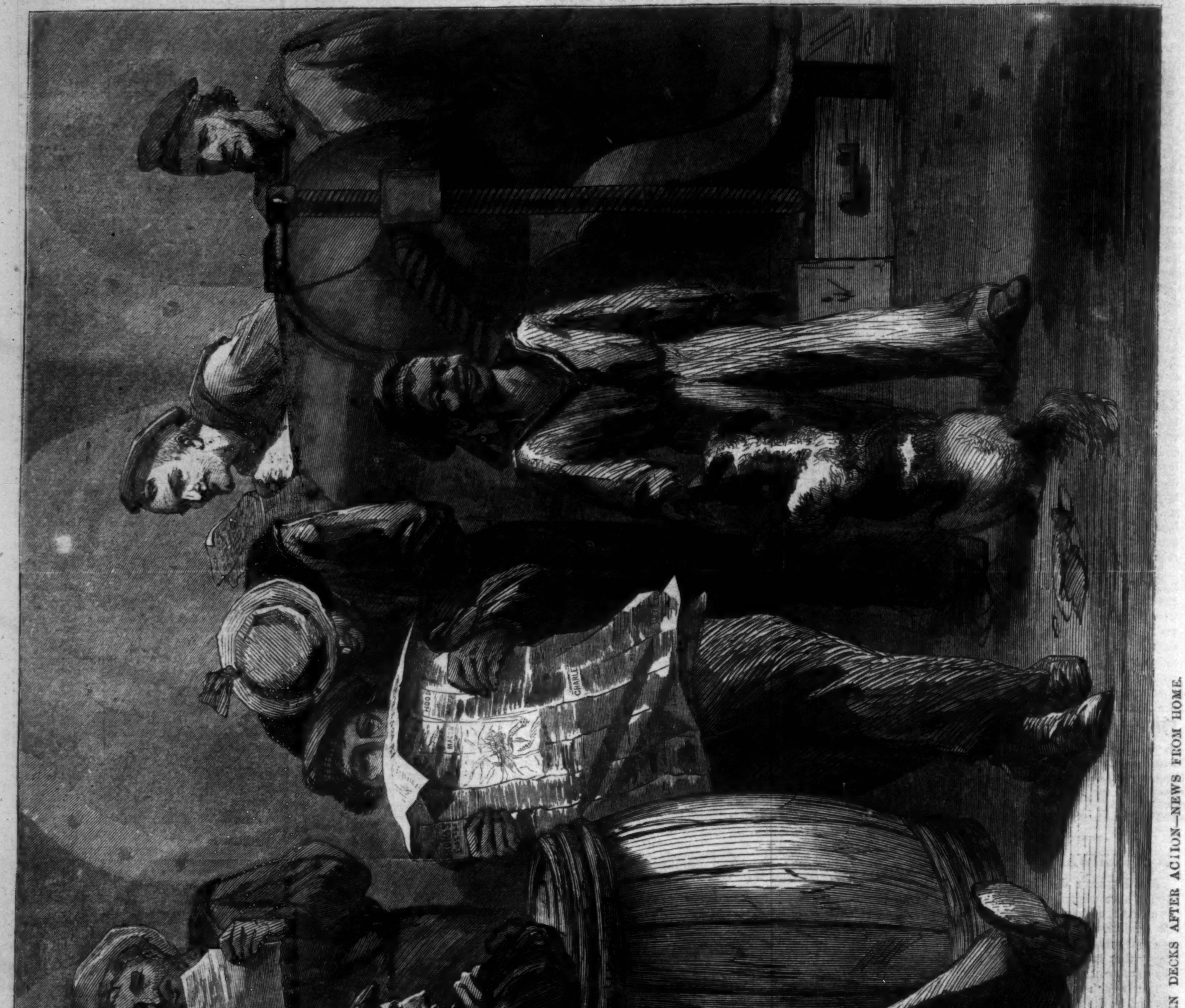
FOREIGN NEWS.

MAXIMILIAN issued a manifesto, December 27, recognizing the Roman Catholic religion to be that of the State and recommending that the nationalization of ecclesiastical property be ratified. The Belgian Legion had arrived at Vera Cruz to the number of five thousand. Two thousand more are expected in the month of January.

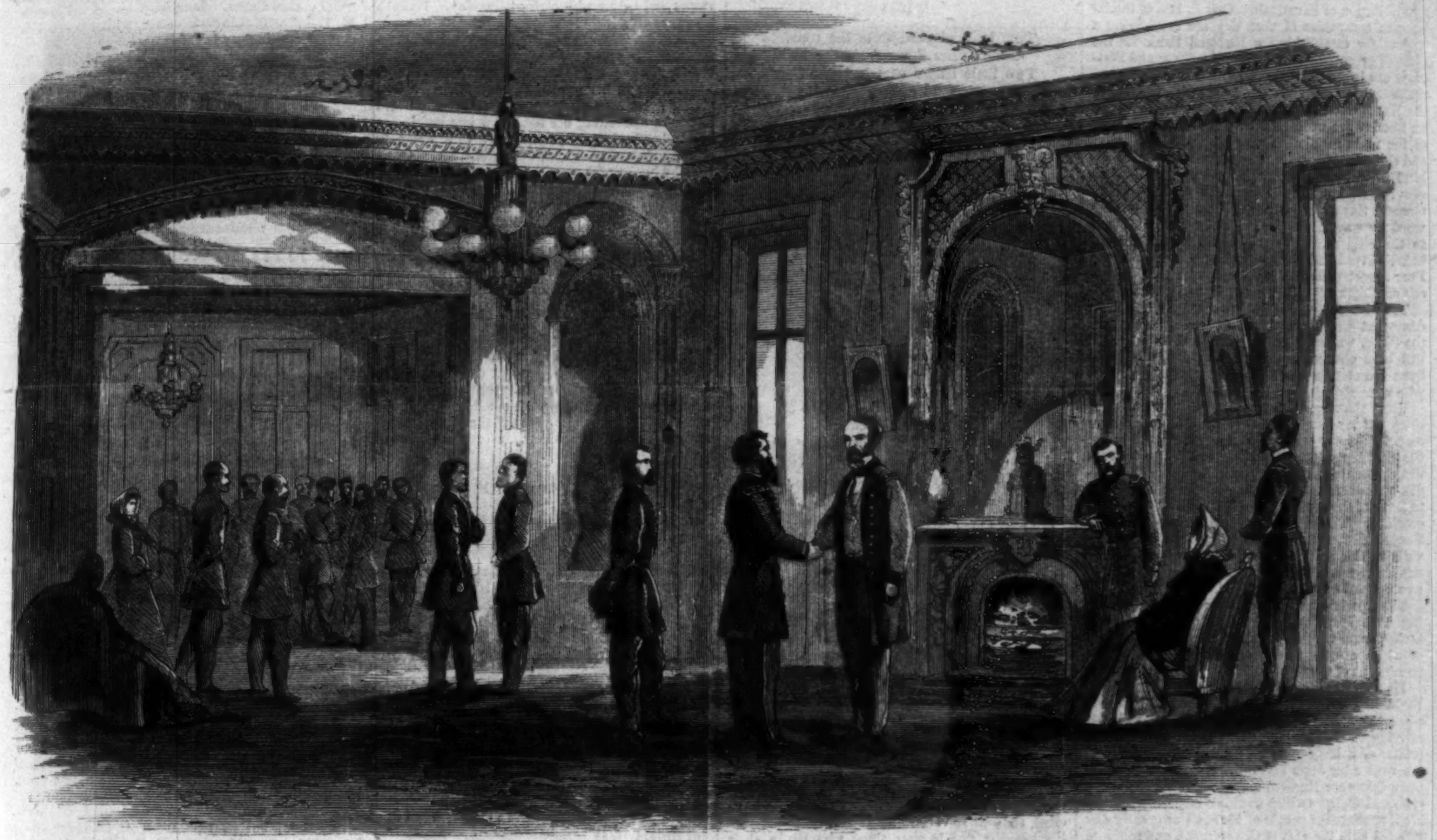
The news of Sherman's capture of M'Allister, and of Hood's defeat at Nashville, had at our latest advices reached England, and produced a great sensation. The news from Sherman was considered of the greater importance. The London *Times* says: "The resistance of the Georgians to this invasion has not been sufficient to prevent its success. It may not be possible to hold down so vast a tract, for Georgia in itself is as large as England and Wales, and this immense extent of the territory to be occupied is the standing difficulty of the Federal plan of conquest; but the North will at least have shown to the world that its armies are able to traverse at their will the most populous and long-settled regions of the Confederacy, and this conviction must have a powerful effect in inducing a zealous prosecution of the war. If Savannah be not yet taken, it will be besieged, and the operations before it will probably give rise to the most important military incidents of the winter."

Hood's defeat had been only partially reported. All that was known being that the Confederates had been attacked, and driven, with a loss of from 3000 to 5000 prisoners, and from thirty to forty cannon.

Great stress is laid in the English journals on General Dix's order, which was considered unauthorized. On the other hand, great satisfaction was expressed with that part of the President's Message bearing on our relations with Canada.


GEN'L SHERMAN'S MARCH THROUGH GEORGIA.
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
HARPER'S WEEKLY.

'TWEEN DECKS AFTER ACTION—NEWS FROM HOME.

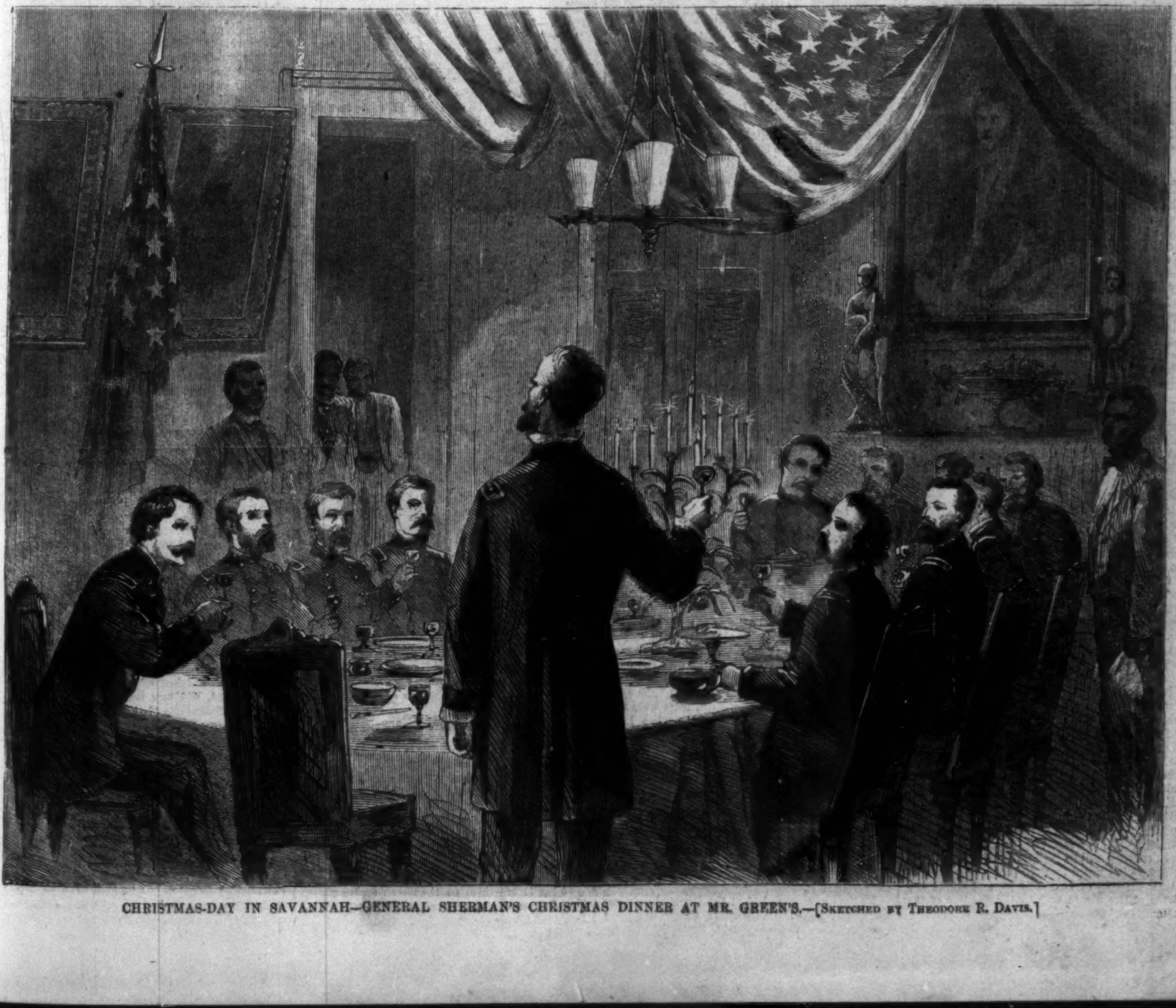


NEW-YEAR'S DAY IN SAVANNAH—GENERAL SHERMAN'S RECEPTION AT MR. GREEN'S.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

THE HOLIDAYS AT SAVANNAH.

IT was fitting that General SHERMAN, whose Christmas gift to the nation added a new zest to the Christmas dinner in every loyal household, should himself have enjoyed the festivity of the season so splendidly and so "fairly won." In the sketch which we have engraved our artist has chosen the moment when the General rose to respond to the toast in his honor, joyously pledged by men whom their illustrious chief had led through many toils and dangers to victory. The response was like the man—unaffected, intense in devotion to the nationality whose glorious symbol proudly hung above him, and full of terror to the enemies of the country as it was of kindness to all its friends. The occasion was a memorable one. But SHERMAN's deeds and those of his army speak to the country louder than words. On New-Year's Day the General received his friends all day. Mr. GREEN's splendid parlors were crowded with the throng of visitors.

The effect of SHERMAN's judicious policy in Savannah is beginning to tell in other portions of the State. The Augusta *Chronicle and Sentinel* of January 4 notices several facts which must tend to affect all Georgians favorably. It says that the most perfect order is maintained in Savannah, notices several instances in which soldiers have been summarily punished for interference with citizens, and states that soldiers are under no circumstances allowed to enter private residences. The *Chronicle* goes on to give some items of news in regard to the



CHRISTMAS-DAY IN SAVANNAH—GENERAL SHERMAN'S CHRISTMAS DINNER AT MR. GREEN'S.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

rehabilitation of Savannah. One or two of the insurance companies of that city are considering a project for establishing a National Bank for the issue of greenbacks. The Custom-house and Post-office are being cleaned out preparatory to a recommencement of business. One store with goods from the North has already been opened. The churches on Sunday are well filled with ladies. A majority of the male population have remained in the city, and those who have left have left their families behind them. There is at present no great want of provisions; but there is a scarcity of wood, which General Sherman proposes to relieve by getting wood by way of the Gulf Railway and hauling it to the citizens. Eleven hundred loaves of good baker's bread had been turned over by him to the Poor Association and distributed, which the *Chronicle* considers a "truly kind and providential gift."

The Georgia papers, too, now very strenuously deny that Sherman's army, in its march through the State, was guilty of any of the outrages which had been charged upon it. This denial is based upon the statements of highly respectable citizens who were acquainted with the circumstances.

From the Savannah *Republican* we learn that, since the occupation of Savannah, elections have been held in Berrien, Thomas, Brooks, Lowndes, Clinch, Montgomery, Appling, and Tatnall Counties, comprising a good portion of Southeastern Georgia, and overwhelming majorities have been given in favor of the restoration of the United States Government. The people have been arming to resist Secessionists, and the most intense excitement prevails in this region. The population of the counties above-named, according to the census of 1850, was upward of 20,000.

The Special Correspondent of the *Tribune*, writing from Montreal, under date of December 26, makes some very important statements, the truth of which can not be doubted without a direct impeachment of the correspondent's veracity.

He states that on the 17th of December Thomas B. Murray, of Milledgeville, Georgia, left that place November 24, and Augusta three days later, arriving at Montreal December 17. He is the proprietor of a large plantation near Milledgeville, is "a man after Jeff Davis's own heart, and heaps upon Governor Brown, and the Georgians in general, maledictions which would do credit to a pirate." He represents the people of his State as greatly disaffected with the Davis Government, and ready to accept the most humiliating terms of peace; and the sin of all this he charges upon "that d—d baby-faced cripple (Stephens) and his cabbage-head satellite" (Brown). He estimates that nearly half the Georgians in the army are traitors, but thinks they are surrounded by patriotic officers and soldiers, who will compel them to do their duty. Mr. Murray states that the most valuable government property and machinery was removed from Augusta, on Sherman's approach, to Branchville and Kingsville, S. C., but will probably be returned, as the Augusta Canal affords a water-power equaled nowhere else in the Confederacy. He states that, during the past year and a half, Augusta has produced more munitions and enginery of war than any three towns in the Confederacy combined, and that the number of negroes that joined Sherman's army was immense, he himself losing forty.

But the most important of Mr. Murray's statements is in regard to two petitions, one signed by 12,000 citizens of the State, to be offered in the Rebel Senate, and the other, signed by 15,000 women, to be presented to Jeff Davis. The former Senator Hill was requested to offer in the Senate, but declined to do so. This petition set forth the hopelessness of the rebellion, and prayed for peace.

The *Tribune* correspondent saw a verbatim copy of the women's petition. "It begins: 'The undersigned mothers, sisters, wives, and widows of officers and soldiers of the Commonwealth of Georgia, who are living or have died in the military service of their country, respectfully submit to your Excellency and pray,' etc. It then recounts the manifold sacrifices they have, without murmuring, made; the privations they have patiently endured, and the encouragement they have heroically given their loved ones in the field, etc. Next, it depicts the horrors of war, and attempts to show that all efforts on the part of the Confederacy to achieve its independence must in the end prove futile. It then fervently appeals to his Excellency, in the name of reason, humanity, and Christianity, to terminate the murderous contest; and assures him that, if that result can only be attained by sacrificing his personal pride and ambition, he may, by making the sacrifice while he has yet powerful armies at his command, obtain a place in history as the greatest patriot of modern times."

Mr. Davis denied that he had been actuated by a desire for power or personal aggrandizement, and that as soon as he saw that the peace and welfare of his country would be promoted by his retirement from office he would follow the example of Napoleon I., "and leave the craven people who demanded the sacrifice at his hands to repent of their ingratitude and folly." He begged of these women to continue their efforts for one year longer, "assuring them that if by that time peace did not smile upon the country, or its independence be recognized by foreign powers, he would no longer be President."

There is much in this report in regard to Davis's statements that is hard to believe; but, according to this correspondent, Murray said that his statement was confirmed by an interview which he himself had with Davis the day before he left Richmond. Murray stated, moreover, that Davis, when he said that in the contingency alluded to he would no longer be President, meant that he would be King.

But the fact of the petitions, signed by about 27,000 people of Georgia, is that to which we draw attention. If it is a fact, then we may easily infer what the result will be if Governor Brown follows the suggestion urged by the citizens of Savannah in their meeting of December 28, and allows the citizens of Georgia to vote on the question of the continuance of the war.

TWO.

Two buds plucked from the tree;
  Two birdies flown from the nest;
Two little babies snatched
  From a fond mother's breast;
Two little snow-white lambs
  Gone from the sheltering fold;
Two little narrow graves
  Down in the church-yard cold.

Two little drooping flowers,
  Growing in a purer air,
Blooming fragrant and bright
  In the great Gardener's care;
Two little tender birds,
  Flown far from fear and harm;
Two little snow-white lambs
  In the good Shepherd's arm.

Two little angels more,
  Singing with voices sweet,
Flinging their crowns of gold
  Down at their Saviour's feet.
Free from all earthly care,
  Pure from all earthly stain—
Oh, who could wish them back
  In this drear world again?

HANNAH GNELDT'S DOOR-STEP.

Hannah Gneldt leaned upon her broom, and looked out from the low kitchen door across the wintry fields and the ice-glazed streamlet which lay between her home and the little village of Greennook, with its one tapering spire and sloping roofs and blank white walls, bare now of the summer verdure. She had done her household work, polished every article capable of polish, and soaped and sanded all the rest. At the last she had swept clean her door-stone, and now felt free to do what she chose, to rest, or gossip, or sit down to needle-work—a thing impossible to her while a spot beneath her roof was out of order. Just now she felt neither like gossiping nor sewing; her heart was very full, and she found it necessary to stand still and think a while. Only that she was not used to it, she would have cried, she was so very sad. It seemed to her that the happiest people were those who lay in their green graves in the church-yard, with crossed hands upon their bosoms, and feet quiet from all earthly going to and fro for evermore.

Not that Hannah Gneldt was tired in body, or weary with the toil of household duty; for she was strong of frame, and her health was perfect, as her hands were willing. It was on her humble heart the burden lay, her spirit that was worn with earthly travail.

"Twenty-three years to-day I've been his wife," she muttered, "and I've loved him well, and worked hard and faithful to keep things decent, and it's come to this at last! 'Things had been better,' says he, 'if he'd married Miss Lester!'"

Yes, that was what Farmer Gneldt, harassed by toil and debt, had said to her that very morning; and it seemed to Hannah like the confession of a long repentance, forced from her husband's lips at last.

"Poor man! I wish I could help him," she sighed, leaning on her broom beside the door. "I doubt he's right about Miss Lester."

With that her eyes fell and rested by chance on the door-step.

"I can mend that, any how," she said; "and I have time, for work is done."

So she hung the broom up, and peeped into her oven, and set the kettle on, and then, hooded and shawled, crossed the fields to where the farm joined that of Simeon Gray.

On one spot were men at work, and stones lying about.

Hannah Gneldt nodded to the old farmer, and he came to meet her.

"I want a stone," she said. "May I have one?"

"I wish you'd take 'em all," said the farmer; "a lot o' rubbish. You see I'm clearing away what they call the old grave-yard at last. Wife talks to me o' sacrilege and disturbin' bones. Bless you, there ain't been none for years and years; and these hard times a man can't let land go to waste. I tell wife she don't know nothin' about it. What d'ye want to do? Pave a bit around the well?"

"No, I want a step," said Hannah. "That great white one is just the thing." And she pointed to a slab hard by.

"Ike shall bring it over to-night," said the farmer.

"No," said Hannah, "I can roll it along."

And her arms, strong as most men's, went to work at once, and the slab was rolled, and pushed, and lifted on its way. It was toil for a laborer, but it did Hannah good. She tugged away, pushing, and lifting, and adding woman's ingenuity to man's strength; so that at last it was at her own door. There she let it rest, and dug the old stone out, and afterward brought water to wash the slab with; white as driven snow, for the most part, with some little yellow weather-stains about the edge, and on one side the black inscription—a name, a line of eulogy, and dates. Hannah stared with the curiosity of one who can not read.

"I wish I could tell what that was," she said. "Some one's name and age. Ah, there were sore hearts when that was new. I hope when I die Oliver will have written over me that I was a good wife. I've tried to be. I ought to know that big letter—wait a bit, I believe it is Z."

Then she turned the inscription downward, and washed the other side, clear and white, and fitted it into its place.

She received little credit for her work. Oliver only muttered,

"You needn't have published the fact that I couldn't afford a porch to all the place." And no one noticed the step afterward save Hannah when she scrubbed it.

Matters were very bad at the Gneldts'. Oliver brooded over the fire in speechless sorrow, and grew grayer and balder with each passing day. Hannah kept ruin off a little by making a home of the poor house, and a feast of the humble fare, by her housewife's skill. She might even have been cheerful but for the memory of that luckless speech.

Working in her garden one day, when the first spring grass was growing green, Hannah heard footsteps, and lifting her head, saw two gentlemen beside her, and arose precipitately with womanly anxiety about her ankles, not strictly covered perhaps by her cotton gown. The nearest gentleman, an elderly man with bright dark eyes, addressed her,

"Mrs. Gneldt, I presume."

"Yes, Sir."

She asked him to walk in, and he did so, the other following.

In the little parlor they sat down.

"You are Mrs. Hannah Gneldt, Oliver Gneldt's wife?"

"Yes, Sir. Is it about—about—excuse me, you look like a lawyer, and I fear it's more trouble for Oliver."

"Reassure yourself," said the gentleman. "Reassure yourself, madame. Your husband is not concerned, save through you, and that I hope pleasantly. Your name was Burns before you were married?"

"Yes, Sir. Hannah Burns."

"Do you remember dates well?"

"No, Sir."

"You have, perhaps, records of family events—your own birth, your parent's marriage, your grandfather's death?"

Hannah Gneldt wonderingly replied, "I have mother's Bible, and they tell me it's all there."

"How far back?"

"To grandfather's birth, I believe—grandfather Burns. He had one child, and I am the only one my parents ever had. Oliver set down our wedding-day, and our two boys' birthdays."

"And your great-grandfather. The record of his death is there?"

"I don't know; you may see. Wait, I'll call Oliver."

Going to the door Hannah took down a horn, used for that purpose, and uttered a call, which brought Oliver Gneldt home from the field at once.

He also felt alarm, but explanations quieted him. Almost as much astonished as his wife he brought out the old Bible.

"The death of my wife's great-grandfather, Zebulon Burns, is not here," he said. "The first record is in his hand, I believe. It is the birth of his eldest child."

So it proved, and the lawyer looked disappointed.

"You can not remember the day of his death?" he said. "I mean the date of it."

"He died long before I was born," said Hannah, "and, though rich, left nothing to grandfather. They had quarreled, I believe. She told odd stories of him. He must have been very eccentric, and a servant or housekeeper had great influence over him. She had the property, I think. Margery—Margery—"

"Margery Wilber, I think," said the lawyer.

"Yes," said Hannah, "I remember now."

"You are quiet people, not likely to talk too much," said the lawyer. "I will tell you something. We have found a will among the effects of a legal gentleman who died very suddenly in a fit of apoplexy. Don't hope too much, mind. A will in your favor—that is, now in your favor, as your father's only child."

Hannah clutched her husband's hand.

"It is written by one upon his death-bed, dated the 10th of March, 17—, and leaves all his property to your father, his grandson, then a boy. Hush! don't hope too much. Margery Wilber or her heirs now hold this property under a will dated March 15, 17—."

"A later will," said Oliver. "Then, of course, they are the rightful possessors. What need of all this?—the latest will must stand."

"Not if it is a forgery," said the lawyer.

Oliver laughed, the bitter laugh of care and disappointment.

"Who can prove that?" he said.

"No one, perhaps. Yet the record of the old man's death might."

"A man whose dying hand signed a will on the 10th of March would scarcely make another on the 15th. We believe the will a forgery, written on old parchment, since the discovery of the one I have spoken of. Margery Wilber took possession with no legal forms, for no one appeared to contest her title. Where was your great-grandfather buried?"

"Here," said Hannah. "They say he was brought down at his request—Mrs. Wilber as chief mourner, and his son—grandfather—not even sent for. An old grave-yard somewhere. Oh, Oliver! Oliver!"

She turned quite white, and uttered a cry. "Oliver, that must be the grave-yard on Gray's place that he dug over last winter in the warm spell."

"Then it is gone," said Oliver. "And our last hope with it. No, gentlemen, good luck could never come to us. Poverty means to cling to us to the last. I wish you better clients."

"Oliver, Oliver!" gasped Hannah Gneldt, "tell me one thing. Zebulon was great-grandfather's name. Zebulon is spelled with a Z, isn't it? Oh, do speak!"

"I think you are going mad, Hannah; of course it is."

"Oh, the big Z, I remember it so well! I knew it was Z; and it would have been broken to pieces before now. Oliver, don't you remember my door-step that you were so angry at? I believe it's my poor old great-grandfather's tombstone. And I not to know it, when I stared at the great Z!"

Oliver Gneldt said nothing. He feared his wife's brain was turned, and that made him faint and cold as he followed her into the garden, and there watched while the three others lifted the flat slab.

It lay before them on the green spring grass, black letters on its whiteness, and, bending over it, they read aloud:

"Zebulon Burns. Born May —. Died March 14, 17—," with eulogistic verses, with long s's underneath, as in duty bound.

"It's poor great-grandfather!" said Hannah. And the lawyer extended his hands, grasping those of Oliver and his wife.

"The proof is found!" he said. "The latest will is a forgery, for it is dated the day after the old man's death. Mrs. Gneldt is heiress to a large property. I congratulate you."

And Hannah, with her head upon her husband's shoulder, whispered, "Oliver, it wouldn't have been better to have married Miss Lester after all!"

"A LITTLE BOX FOR YOU, SIR."

Kate Courtown was the bishop's only child—beautiful, accomplished, clever, and an heiress. Therefore it was quite a natural conclusion that we (I speak advisedly)—we, I say, were all in love with her; from the youngest ensign, who innocently told us he liked her best because she was something like his mother, to the brazen-faced old reprobate, our lieutenant-colonel, who actually grew virtuous for the six months we remained in the pleasant old city, and not only got inside the cathedral in time for service, but kept awake until the sermon began, when he took his revenge by snoring behind his red curtain, publicly reprimanding a newly-joined sub for the same delinquency, adding, that if he did sleep he ought to do so in a reverent way.

I believe most regiments have at least one lady-killer on their list—one, I mean *par excellence* the acknowledged Adonis. Ours was a certain Captain Hetherston, who rejoiced in the nickname of Box, owing to the efficient manner in which he came out as that well-known character in the jolly old comedy. Although a popular man with the mess, he was not individually a favorite. That was not any thing particular, you may remark. But it was not jealousy; his good looks had nothing to do with the feeling. It was the "take all but give nothing" sort of way he had that did the mischief. None of us could have said we knew where he came from, or where the friends he talked so big about lived—how much *he* had to live upon, or where *it* came from. We saw him as he was—an uncommonly handsome, well-dressed, and well-off fellow; but we saw, too, that he never spent a dollar he could screw out of another man, and sponged cleverly upon any of us for a seat in a carriage, to a dinner or ball, a cigar or a drink; that he had always an excuse ready to meet any chance demand for a like civility; and what perhaps riled some of us most was that, upon the strength of a pretty little house in B——, he kept clear of the little expensive peccadilloes which beset our paths, and kept his divinity so quiet that a whisper stole among us to the effect that the lady in B—— was a delusion.

He had affected indifference toward the heiress at first, and then had quietly concentrated his forces and taken up his position in a manner that would have done him infinite credit in the field of war as well as love. At first he made but little ground; but the summer came, bringing with it reviews, chance rides, and sketching parties.

The heiress looked amiable. The captain grew sentimental, talked of giving up smoking and the house in town. Our fellows began to prick up their ears, and the odds in his favor were freely offered. The match, from being the talk of the mess, of course crept out and got into the gossips' mouths in the town, and soon conjecture and scandal were at their height.

Meantime Box ate as many dinners as the bishop offered him, called regularly, paid court to the maiden aunts who superintended the housekeeping department, and took all the credit he could get.

Things were at this pass when a lieutenant from the —th Regiment exchanged into our corps—not a prepossessing youth at first sight, very young and boyish-looking, but blessed with a quiet, unimpressible sort of temper, that seemed proof against all the sarcasms, innuendoes, and even insults, freely lavished under the cover of practical jokes.

He seemed to have got his first step very quickly, and though with all the makings of a fine soldier-like man, he was just at that period an overgrown, loose-limbed boy; with a propensity to blush when a woman spoke to him, and a quiet manner of getting out of the way if any thing not altogether strictly decorous was going on or being canvassed. He was laughed at, of course, and many a trap laid to bring him to the test; but all to no effect. The laugh made no impression; he went on, quietly and consistently keeping his own course with a good-natured but perfectly firm indifference, and ere long, somehow, most of us began to have a respect for the young hand, and just enough modesty left to feel a little bit ashamed of the scenes he avoided.

Box seemed to have taken an antipathy to the new lieutenant since the beginning, and the consequence was a constant sparring and repetition of jokes perpetrated by the captain, who made a heavy wager he would make the regiment too hot to hold Vincent before the year was out. Vincent heard of it somehow, and only laughed in his quiet way, offering ten to one he would be in the corps longer than Box. Still, through all this affected carelessness, we who watched closest could see how the spirit rebelled, and how the boy's temper boiled under the persecutions of the captain, who divided his time pretty equally between tormenting Vincent and love-making.

The townsfolk were already deciding the settlements; young ladies were speculating who would be asked to be bridemaids; and not a few ill-natured remarks were being raked up as to flirtations, and, after the manner of our dear friends, not a little was hinted about the petty peccadilloes of the past.

September, with its turnip-fields and partridges; October, with its red woods, pheasants, and long evenings, worked up the country hospitality to a pitch there was no withstanding. Dinner invitations flowed in galore. The messman's office was well-nigh a sinecure, and his pockets profiting accordingly. The engagement was not yet completed, but what October and the shooting season failed to accomplish the hunting-field gave ample promise of fulfilling. The heiress was a first-rate horsewoman, and never missed a meet if she could find a lady to second her. Accordingly, Box took a trip to town and brought back a couple of hunters. Our fellows first opened their eyes and then their mouths; but nothing came of it save that Box said, with one of his *shut-you-up* laughs, "They cost me a cool hundred apiece, but I'll take three for the pair."

"The deuce you will!" muttered Vincent, and so the subject dropped, the captain taking to his pigskin kindly, riding well and straight when he did ride, but eschewing much following, except after Miss Courtown.

Vincent turned out a hunting man too, and soon showed us that, although we might get our laugh at him in the barracks or on parade, we had to play second fiddle with a vengeance at the covert side. There was no doubt about it, the fellow was a tip-top rider, and soon made himself a marked man in the field, both on account of his tact and judgment, and the quiet, gentleman-like way in which he did the business. The livery-stable keepers besieged him with offers of their best horses; he might have them for half-price—nay, I believe for nothing, if he'd only ride them to sell. Vincent had as much of it as he wanted, and when our fellows quizzed him for not buying a couple of beasts for himself, he said with a laugh, "I'm waiting to get Hetherston's when he's tired of them." Box heard the joke, and didn't like it; he was beginning to get a little afraid of the quiet lieutenant; and, moreover, the heiress had noticed the new rider, and poor Box was as jealous as a modern Othello.

December came in, and Vincent gave no signs of wishing to alter his quarters; nay, he publicly stated he was very jolly, and that he'd not miss the February hunting for all the leaves in the service. The case was getting serious; so was the courting at the bishop's, Hetherston evidently watching an opportunity to make the grand check; the lady, to all appearance, willing to accept the mate.

Yet, anxious as the state of the matrimonial speculation may be supposed to render the captain, certain figures in a little Russian leather pocket-book began to become disagreeably prominent. The year was upon its last legs. Charley Vincent was showing no signs of tiring of the jokes perpetrated upon him; indeed, like the eels, he appeared not only to have got used to them, but there seemed a sort of pleasant excitement and uncertainty as to the next move which suited him; and Hetherston began to think he had been a little rash in booking so many figures, which, when reckoned up (in case of the worst), came to a much larger sum than was convenient, to say nothing of being beaten—a humiliation the captain did not relish at any time.

A dinner party was to come off at the bishop's a few evenings before Christmas; all the big-wigs and county people were to be there; a select few of "ours"—Hetherston of course included—were invited, and we made up our minds—though upon what grounds Heaven only knows—that Box would pop the question that night. The lady was just in that tender dreamy state which betrays the awakened heart, and gives the lover courage to take the irrevocable step. The bishop looked the very pattern of a fatherly prelate, and had a mischievous, *know-all-about-it* sort of twinkle in his eyes, as, in pairing off his guests for the important ceremony of going down to be fed, he told Hetherston to take "My daughter." It was my luck to follow the couple, and it spoiled my dinner, for I had been fool enough to take the odds against the match, and it was pretty evident I should lose.

"Take you a hundred to ten he'll do it to-night," whispered Harry Fulton as we streamed down stairs, the happy couple being directly in front of us, and looking abominably foolish, as is the manner of people at such a crisis.

"Done," said I, involuntarily, and then mentally cursed my folly.

The dinner passed off as such dinners usually do; the soup was bad, fish good, joints ditto, all the other things horrible, saving the dessert, which, being fresh from dame Nature, can not be easily spoiled. I had taken down a ponderous dame belonging to some one of the county families, who happily devoted her attention to the business before her, and, seeming to be under the impression that it is impossible to do two things well at once, left me to devote my time and fascinations upon an exceedingly pretty girl who sat on the other side of me, and whom, to my surprise, I discovered to be a sister of Vincent's, then upon a visit. Of course we had plenty to talk of, and ere the dinner was over I began to think Vincent one of the nicest fellows I knew, and I spoke of him quite affectionately, I assure you. The important business of eating was over, and the servants retiring, when a servant marched up the room, carrying a plain white deal box, which he deposited upon the ground behind the captain's chair, saying, in a distinct and emphatic voice:

"A little box for you, sir!"

He then quietly made his exit, though not before I caught a glimpse of his face, which, in spite of powder and false whiskers, looked uncommonly like Vincent's, and made me hold my breath in anxiety to see the result, convinced that the joke, whatever it was, would be a clencher. Nor was I wrong; and amidst the buzz of inquiry and polite curiosity that the advent of a deal box in the midst of a formal dinner party might be supposed to excite, a long, plaintive, and unmistakably infantine cry rose from the mysterious box.

Captain Hetherston started to his feet with an oath, and a face like a maniac. An attempt at decorum held the lookers on silent for an instant, then a perfect storm of laughter broke forth, under cover of which poor Box rushed from the room in a state of mind "better to be imagined than described," as the reporters say.

Truly Vincent had his revenge; there was no use telling the bishop the baby was the color-sergeant's, and the whole thing a practical joke. Hetherston tried it once, but made no farther attempt. The story went the round of the county, got up to town, and into the morning paper, and the end was, that our all-accomplished Box, under the plea of sudden business, left for the front; and ere a year had passed over our heads Vincent was figuring off in the papers as having led to the hymeneal altar Kate Courtown, only daughter of the Bishop of ——.

THE GRAND DUKE'S NEW SUIT.

ONCE upon a time there was a Grand Duke so fond of new clothes that he spent all his money on his toilet. Whenever he reviewed his troops, whenever he went to the theatre or for a ride, it was always for one purpose—to show off his new clothes. Every hour of the day he changed his costume; and, as it is said of a King—"He is in his council chamber," it was said of him—"He is in his dressing-room." The capital was an exceedingly gay city, thanks to the number of foreigners passing through it. But one day there likewise came two rascals who gave themselves out for weavers, and declared they were capable of weaving the most magnificent cloth in the world. Not only were the colors and material of extraordinary beauty, but the garments made from this stuff possessed a marvelous property—they became invisible to every functionary ignorant of the requirements of his office, or to any one of limited understanding.

"Those must, indeed, be invaluable clothes," thought the Grand Duke to himself. "With them I should be enabled to find out the incapable members of my Government, and readily distinguish the competent from the incompetent. Yes, this wondrous cloth is indispensable to me." He then advanced a large sum of money to the two rogues, that they might immediately commence their work.

Indeed, they set up two looms, and made pretense of busying themselves, though in reality there was absolutely nothing on the bobbins. They unceasingly asked for the finest of silk and the purest of gold thread; but they placed all that in their bag, working till midnight at their empty looms.

"I should like to know how the labor is progressing," said the Grand Duke to himself. But he felt his heart sink on recollecting that persons ignorant or incapable of fulfilling their functions were unable to see this magic cloth. Not that he for a moment doubted his own capacity, yet he judged it best to send some one to make a prior examination. The entire inhabitants of the city were cognizant of the marvelous qualities of the cloth, and all awaited impatiently the knowledge of their neighbors' stupidity.

"I will send my good old Minister to the weavers," thought the Grand Duke; "none can judge better of the merits of their work than he, distinguished as he is by his sense and knowledge of the requirements of the position he fills."

The honest old Minister entered the room in which the two impostors plied their empty looms.

"Egad!" thought he, opening wide his eyes, "I can see nothing." But this he kept to himself.

The two rogues invited him to draw near, and inquired of him how he found the design and colors.

They at the same time pointed to their looms, and the old Minister earnestly fixed his gaze upon them; but he saw nothing for the simple reason that there was nothing to see.

"Gracious goodness!" thought he, "am I in reality a blockhead? None must have a suspicion of this. Can I really be incapable? I dare not avow that the cloth is invisible to me."

"Well, what think you of it?" said one of the weavers.

"Charming! most charming!" replied the Minister, putting on his spectacles. "This design and these colors....Yes, I will tell his Highness that I am extremely satisfied."

"It is fortunate for us," said the two weavers; and they commenced an elaborate explanation of the forms and beauties of this imaginary piece of work. The old Minister paid the utmost attention, that he might repeat to the Grand Duke a true and full description of it.

The rogues were continuous in their demands for money, silk, and gold; an enormous quantity was required for this not-to-be-equaled tissue. Of course they pocketed all; the looms remained empty, and still they worked on.

Some time after the Grand Duke sent another honest functionary to examine the cloth and see if it advanced to a termination. The same thing happened to this new deputy as had happened to the Minister; he looked and looked, but saw nothing.

"Is not the tissue admirable?" asked the two impostors, indicating the superb design and gorgeous colors that did not exist.

"And yet I am not a simpleton," thought the visitor. "Can I be incapable of filling my office? It is strange; but I will be careful how I lose my position." He praised the cloth, and expressed his admiration at the choice and arrangement of the colors.

"It is of incomparable magnificence," said he to his master. And nothing was spoken of in the city but this extraordinary cloth.

Finally the sovereign himself desired to see it while yet on the loom. Accompanied by a crowd of chosen courtiers, among whom were the two honest functionaries, he visited the clever rogues, who plied their shuttles continually, though employing neither silk, nor gold, nor any kind of thread.

"Is it not indeed magnificent?" said the two honest functionaries. "The design and colors are worthy of your Highness." And they pointed to the empty looms, believing the others might perceive something.

"What the deuce!" thought the Grand Duke. "I can see nothing. This is terrible. Am I, then, a blockhead? Am I incapable of governing? No greater misfortune could occur." Then he cried, suddenly, "It is magnificent! And I here publicly announce my entire satisfaction." He wagged his head with a contented air, and looked at the looms, not daring to tell the truth. His suite did the same, one after the other, but without seeing any thing, and repeated, like him, "It is magnificent!" They even advised him to wear garments of this new cloth at the first grand procession. "It is magnificent! it is charming! it is admirable!" exclaimed every mouth; and the satisfaction was general.

The two impostors were decorated and received the title of Gentleman Weavers.

The whole night preceding the day of the procession they sat up and worked by the light of numerous tapers. The labor they imposed on themselves was visible to every one. At last they pretended to take the cloth from off the looms, cut through emptiness with large scissors, stitched with threadless needles, after which they proclaimed the raiment to be finished.

The Grand Duke, followed by his aids-de-camp, went to examine it, and the sharpers, raising their arms as though lifting something, said,

"Here are the breeches, here is the doublet, here is the mantle. They are as light as a spider's web. There is no fear of the body being oppressed by their weight; and in this, above all, lies the virtue of the cloth."

"Certainly," replied the aids-de-camp; but they saw nothing, since there was nothing to see.

"If his Grand Ducal Highness will condescend to undress," said the rogues, "we will try on him the garments before the pier-glass."

His Highness undressed, and the rogues made believe to hand him different portions of the attire. They placed their hands on his shoulder as though in the act of fastening something; it was the train. The monarch turned and turned before the glass.

"Jupiter! How well it fits! What an elegant make!" cried all the courtiers. "What a design! What colors! What a precious costume!"

The Grand Master of the Ceremonies entered.

"The canopy beneath which your Highness is to take part in the procession awaits you," said he.

"Very well! I am ready," replied the Grand Duke. "It seems to me that I have not a bad appearance!" And he gave one more turn before the glass, and cast another admiring look on the supposed splendor of his raiment.

The chamberlains, whose duty it was to bear the train, went through the performance of raising something from off the floor, then lifted their hands level with their breasts, not wishing it to be thought that they saw nothing.

While the monarch proudly headed the procession beneath his magnificent canopy every body in the street and at the windows cried aloud, "What a superb costume! What a graceful train! What a perfect make!" No person would have it known that he saw nothing: had he done so he would have been declared incapable of holding office. Never before had his grand ducal clothes excited such an amount of admiration.

"But I don't see that he has any clothes on at all," observed a little child.

"Holy Father! only listen to the innocent!" said the parent; and the crowd soon whispered among themselves the child's remark.

"There is a little child who says that the Grand Duke has no clothes on at all!"

"He has no clothes on at all!" finally shouted the crowd; and the Grand Duke was extremely vexed, for it seemed to him that they were right. He, however, was resolved on the course to follow.

"Under any circumstances I must go through with it to the end," thought he.

Then he drew himself up more proudly than ever, and the chamberlains continued respectfully to bear the train which did not exist.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

Children.—The "headaches" of early childhood are on the increase; medical men are more than ever alive to the fact that children are over-excited in the nursery, and, but too often, too early, and far too hard-worked in the school-room; they are "forced," as gardeners would say, for too early exhibition in the drawing-room. They pass too much of their early life cramped into a sort of orderly, by drill-attained manners, utterly destructive of the sweetest, most healthy characteristics of true children. For ever, from the earliest moment they can be taught any thing, they are bidden "not to be rude, but to behave pretty," as if, in real truth, the prettiest feature of child life was not a sort of rudeness—the exuberance of real child nature. Martyrs to the vanity of our day, they are limb-hampered by the folly which makes them mere dolls for the exhibition of their dresses and the ingenuity of their nurses in dressing their hair. Taught a deportment in character with their costume, they become, but too often, vain little puppet imitations of men and women, all the winning artlessness proper to their age being thus forcibly taken from them; they strut about, pretty pictures, when they had far better be tumbling about with the *abandon* natural to their age, but which would at once destroy the claim to that sort of prettiness their careful "get up" had given them. This precocious training in the nursery has its fruit in that great amount of butterflyism of which we see so much in after-life, in those stately, artificial, variegated specimens of young-lady life of which every watering-place gives such a cloud. Much real goodness is there in some of them; but there is the same sad sense of "out to be looked at" stamped upon their gait and adorning, only of an older kind, as that with which at from four to seven years of age they entered the drawing-room to visitors or the dining-room to dessert.

Utilization of Sewage.—The citizens of our metropolis may well congratulate themselves on the facility with which its extensive drainage is effected. The Hudson River on one side, and the East River on the other, by their rapid and irresistible current, regularly and without interruption relieve the city of its waste. London depends for her drainage upon the Thames alone, although her population numbers three millions. As the city is situated some distance up this stream, a gigantic system of works is being constructed, at great expense, in order to discharge the sewage into the river nearer its mouth, so as to prevent its being brought back again by the tide. All the populous towns of England turn their sewage into rivers, tainting them with pollution, killing their fish, and making them channels of pestilence. It is now proposed to use this sewage for agricultural purposes. Already engineers and contractors are competing with one another for the filth of London. It is thought that in this way a new element of wealth will be introduced. A London paper, treating of this subject, says: "A hundred years hence probably the whole process of applying filth to tilth will have become so simplified in method, so familiar to daily observation, and so beneficial in result, as to make it difficult for them to realize the fact that their ancestors of only a century back, to whom they will have to ascribe such wonderful mechanical inventions and such gigantic monuments of engineering skill, could have been so blind to what will be to them the obvious and beneficent arrangements of Nature as to befoul their rivers with the waste which might have renovated the exhausted soil."

The Secret of Making Dolls' Eyes.—How a Birmingham manufacturer learned the secret of making dolls' eyes, and how Birmingham came to be extensively engaged in making these apparently trifling but really important little articles was amusingly explained by Mr. Ostler, of that city, some years ago, before a committee of the House of Commons: "A respectable-looking man in the city," says Mr. Ostler, "asked me if I could supply him with dolls' eyes, and I was foolish enough to feel half offended; I thought it derogatory to my dignity, as a manufacturer, to make dolls' eyes. He took me into a room quite as wide, and, perhaps, twice the length of this committee-room, and we had just room to walk between stacks, from the floor to the ceiling, of parts of dolls. He said, 'These are only the legs and arms; the trunks are below.' But I saw enough to convince me that he wanted me to make a great many eyes, and as the article appeared quite in my own line of business, I said I would take an order by way of experiment; and he showed me several specimens. I copied the order. He ordered various quantities, and of various sizes and qualities. On returning to my hotel I found that the order amounted to upward of £500. I went into the country and endeavored to make them; I had some of the most ingenious glass-toy makers in the kingdom in my service; but when I showed it to them they shook their heads, and said they had often seen the article before, but could not make it. I engaged them by presents to use their best exertions; but after trying and wasting a great deal of time for three or four weeks, I was obliged to relinquish the attempt. Soon afterward I engaged in another branch of business, and took no more notice of it. About eighteen months ago I resumed the trinket trade, and then determined to think of the dolls' eyes; and about eight months since I accidentally met with a poor fellow who had impoverished himself by drinking, and who was dying in a consumption, in a state of great want. I showed him ten sovereigns, and he said he would instruct me in the process. He was in such a state that he could not bear the effluvia of his own lamp; but though I was conversant with the manual part of the business, and it related to things I was daily in the habit of seeing, I felt I could do nothing from his description (I mention this to show how difficult it is to convey, by description, the mode of working). He took me into his garret, where the poor fellow had economized to such a degree, that he actually used the entrails and fat of poultry from Leadenhall market to save oil. In an instant, before I had seen him make three, I felt competent to make a gross." Mr. Ostler afterward became a large manufacturer of these articles.

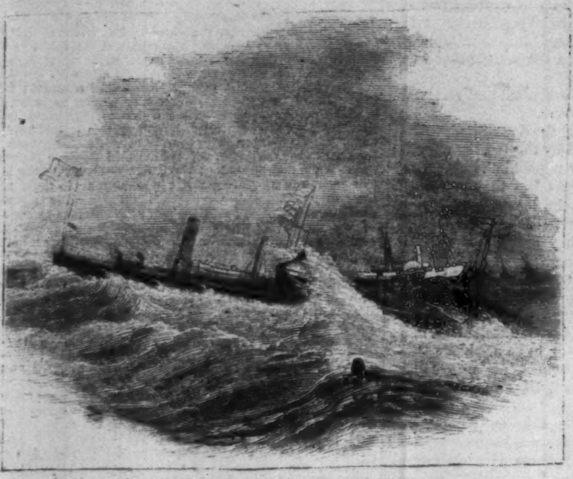
A Curious Case of Desertion.—Some time since John Freeborn, being tired of the army, adopted a very strange plan of desertion. He had been living with Maria Louisa Linder, a German woman, as her husband, at Norfolk, Virginia. This woman kept a common-house in that city. Freeborn offered her $400 if she would pack him in a trunk and transport him to Chicago. A trunk was procured, 25 inches in height, 16 inches wide, and 32 inches long, which had a very small orifice in it, through which, by means of a pipe-stem, the caged prisoner obtained an excruciatingly small modicum of air. This trunk with its human freight, accompanied by the woman, was placed on the Baltimore boat. At Fortress Monroe Miss Linder kicked the trunk, and elicited an answer from the prisoner. So far all seemed right; but on arriving at Baltimore the signal was repeated without any reply. The lady had gone with the trunk to a hotel, and upon opening the trunk found that Freeborn was dead. She was in great distress, almost crazed indeed, and in this state of mind had the trunk checked for Chicago, she herself walking the streets of Baltimore all night. In the morning she gave herself up. She was tried, and, on the 6th of January, sentenced to a fine of $500 and two years' imprisonment.

A Highland Piper's Vanity.—"The Highlander never understands wit or humor; Paddy, despite all his misery and privations, overflows with both." The Highlander's indolence and aversion to labor—in plain English, his lazy habits—are well known to the Southrons, and are sometimes explained as the result of his ludicrous dignity and self-importance—features which present themselves in all grades of the Gaelic population. "The stately step of a piper," is a proverb in Scotland, which reminds us of an anecdote of a certain noble lord, when in attendance upon the Queen at Balmoral, a few years ago. Having been commissioned by a friend to procure a performer on the melodious pipes, he applied to her Majesty's piper—a fine stalwart Highlander—and on being asked what kind of article was required, his lordship said in reply, "Just such another as yourself." The consequential Celt readily exclaimed, with more than the wonted humor, "There are plenty o' lords like yourself, but very few sic pipers as me!"

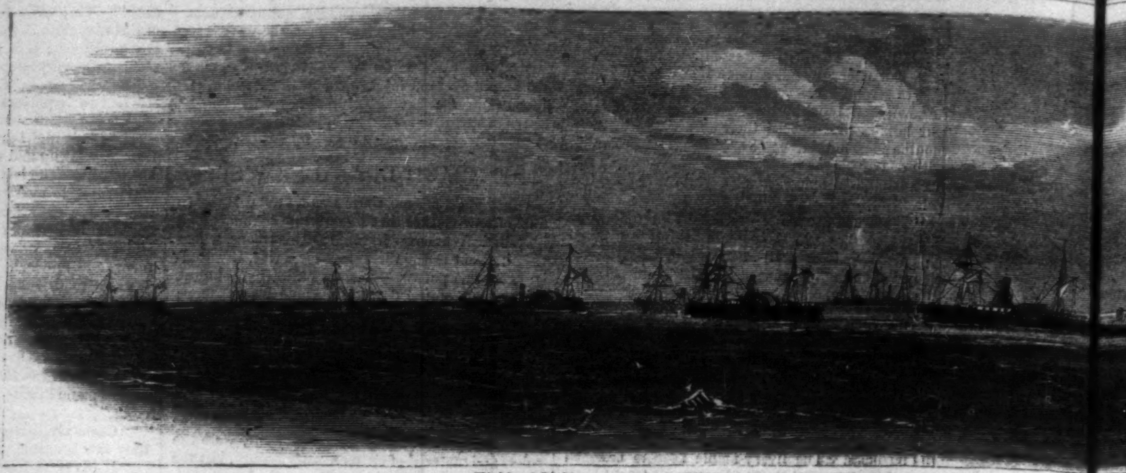
Love Rules the Camp.—A Savannah paper contains letters from Captain Hatch, the rebel, and Colonel Mulford, the Union Exchange Commissioners, to a young lady in Savannah, from which it appears that if lovers have their troubles there are also those who, even amidst the scenes of war, wish them well. The lady had sent some "verses and flowers" to the object of her solicitude, then a prisoner at the North. This seemed like unsubstantial fare to a hungry man; but it proved to him a *sesame* to the comforts of home and the society of his lady love. Colonel Mulford writes to her: "The letter containing the 'verses and flowers' I delivered in person to your friend, and not only that, but I had him paroled and returned to his home, and I trust that you have ere this had the pleasure of learning from himself that his release was the result of your letter containing the flowers."

A **Connecticut** man has invented a watch which will run one year and thirteen days with once winding.

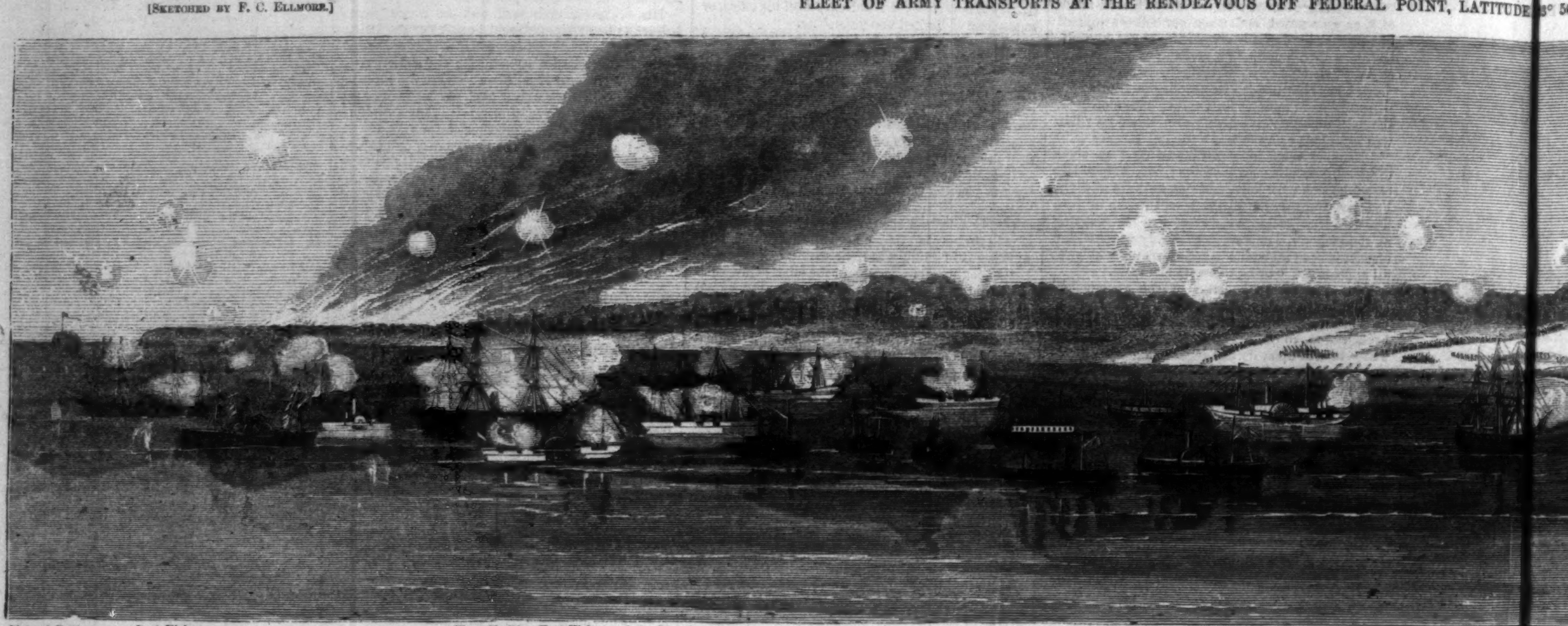
Australian Children in the Wood.—The Melbourne correspondent of the London *Times* writes: "A very remarkable incident which I must shortly relate, if only for the interest it must necessarily have for scientific and medical men, lately occurred here. Discussions have frequently arisen as to how long human creatures can exist without nourishment, and the fact to which I proceed to refer throws light on such an investigation. Some weeks back, at the station of a Mr. Dugald Smith, at Horsham, two boys and a girl, aged respectively the eldest boy 9, the girl 7, and the youngest boy 5, the children of a carpenter named Duff, wandered by themselves into the bush and were lost. They had been sent out by their mother, as they had often gone out on the same errand before, to gather broom, and not returning before dark the parents became alarmed, and a search commenced. The father, assisted by friends and neighbors in large numbers, scoured the country in every direction for nights and days in vain. At length, in despair, the assistance of some aboriginal blacks was obtained, these people possessing an almost blood-hound instinct in following up the faintest tracks. These aboriginal blacks soon came upon the traces of the little wanderers, expatiating, as these trackers always do, at every bent twig, or flattened tuft of grass, on the apparent actings of the objects of their search. 'Here, little one tired; sit down. Big one kneel down; carry him along. Here travel all night; dark not see that bush; her fall on him.' Further on, and more observations. 'Here little one tired again; big one kneel down; no able to rise; fall flat on his face.' The accuracy of these readings of the blacks was afterward curiously corroborated by the children themselves. On the eighth day after they were lost, and long after the extinction of the faintest hope of their ever being again seen alive, the searching party came on them. They are described as having been found lying all of a row on a clump of broom among some trees, the youngest in the middle, carefully wrapped in his sister's frock. They appeared to be in a deep and not unpleasant sleep. On being awoke the eldest tried to sit up, but fell back. His face was so emaciated that his lips would not cover his teeth, and he could only just feebly groan 'Father!' The youngest, who had suffered least, woke up as from a dream, child-like demanding, 'Father, why didn't you come for us sooner? We were cooeying for you.' The sister, who was almost quite gone, when lifted up could only murmur, 'Cold, cold.' No wonder, as the little creature had stripped herself of her frock, as the elder boy said, 'to cover Frank, for he was crying with cold.' The children have all since done well, and are rapidly recovering. They were without food, and, by their own account, had only one drink of water during the whole time they were out, and this was from the Friday of one week until the Saturday of the next week, in all nine days and eight nights. The pathetic points about this little history are so obvious that you will feel no surprise in being told that it has produced a marvelous sensation throughout the colony."



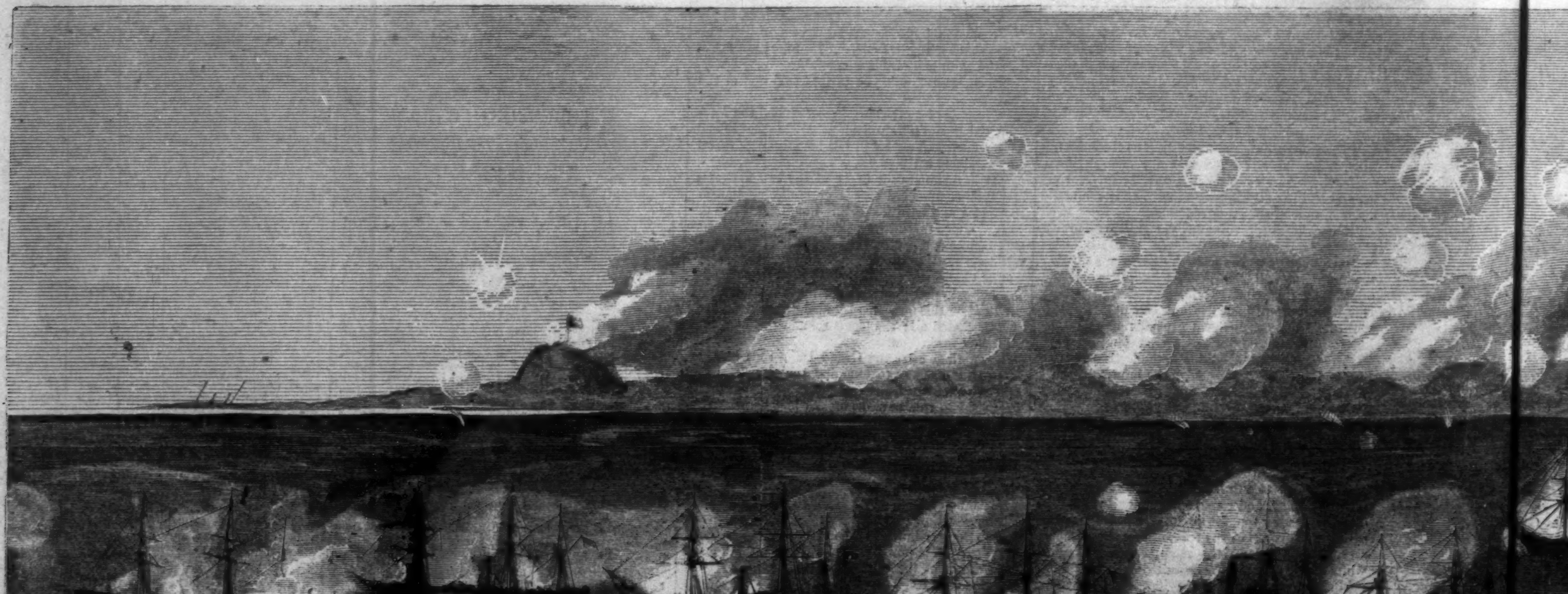
THE MONITORS IN THE GALE OF DECEMBER 21, 1864.
[SKETCHED BY F. C. ELLMORE.]


Highland Light.
Western Metropolis.
T. A. Scott.
Baltic.
Disp

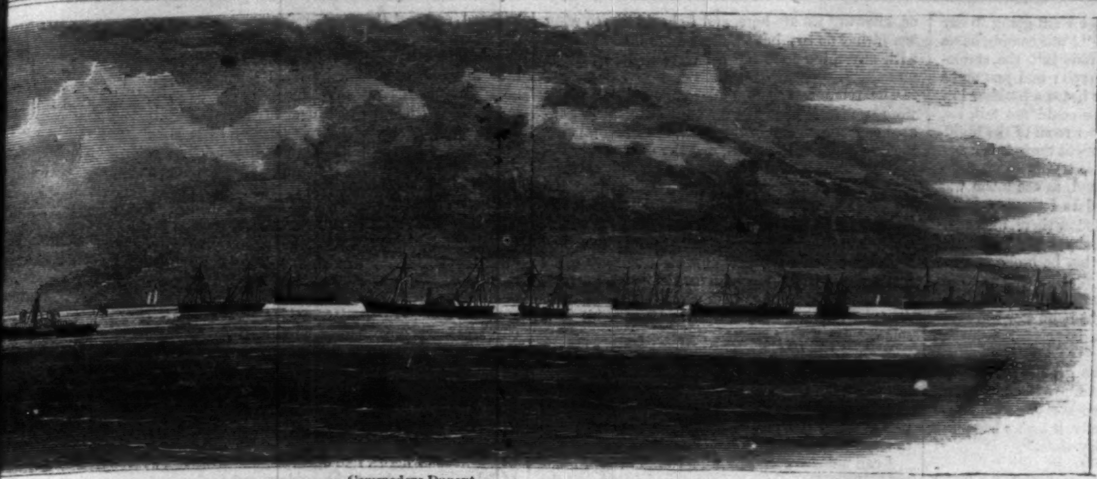
FLEET OF ARMY TRANSPORTS AT THE RENDEZVOUS OFF FEDERAL POINT, LATITUDE 3° 5


Mound Battery.
Fort Fisher.
Fleet Shelling Fort Fisher and the Woods.
Troops Landing.
Brooklyn.

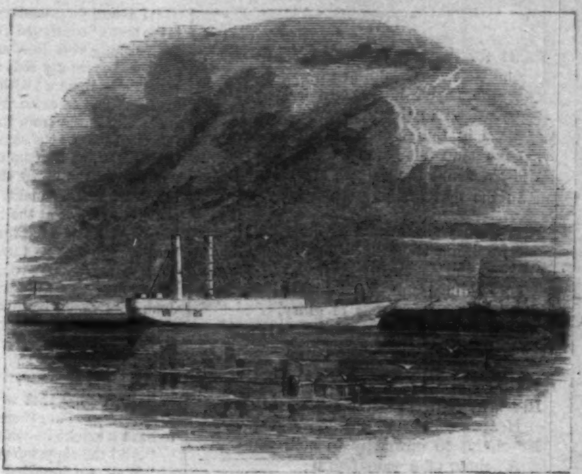
LANDING OF GENERAL BUTLER'S ARMY UNDER COV


Shenandoah.
Juniata.
Mound Battery.
Powhatan.
Malvern, Flag ship.
Wabash.
Susquehanna.
Tuscarora.

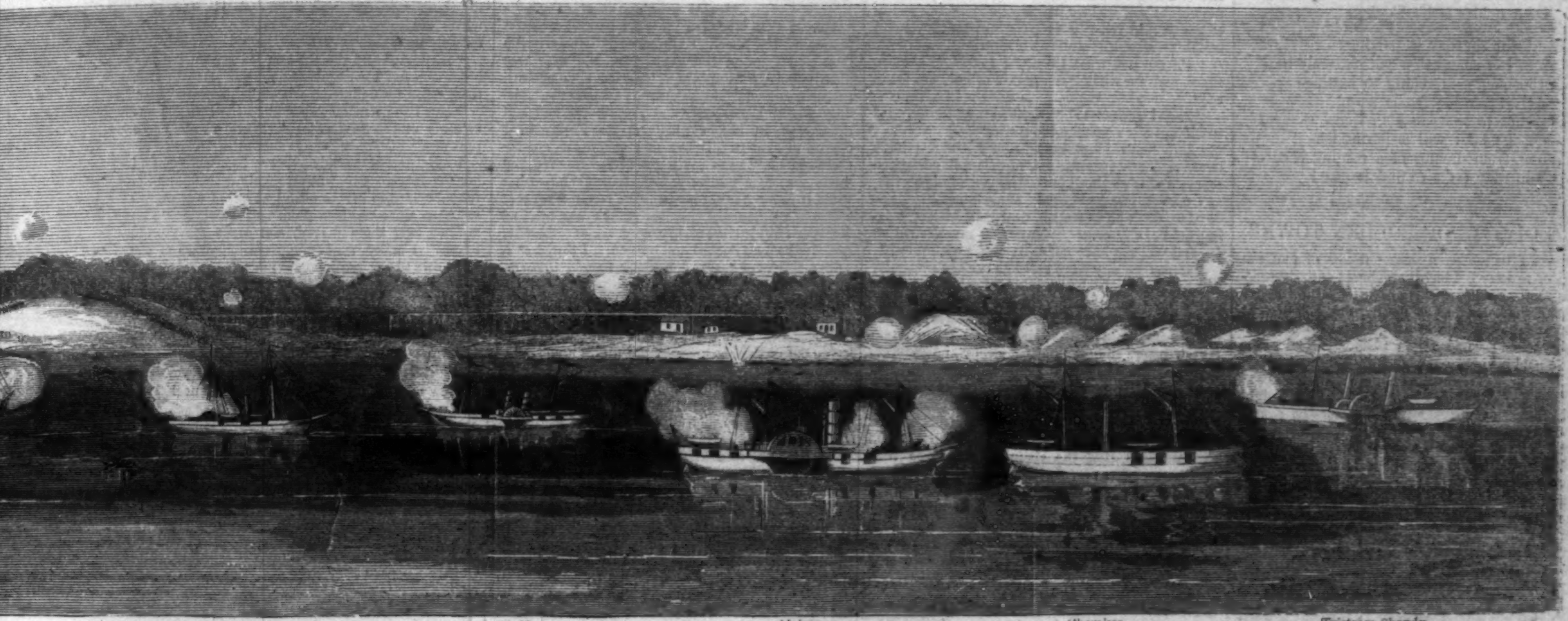
BOMBARDMENT OF THE FORTIFICATIONS ON FEDERAL POINT DURING THE DEBARKATION


Dispatch Boat.
Commodore Dupont.

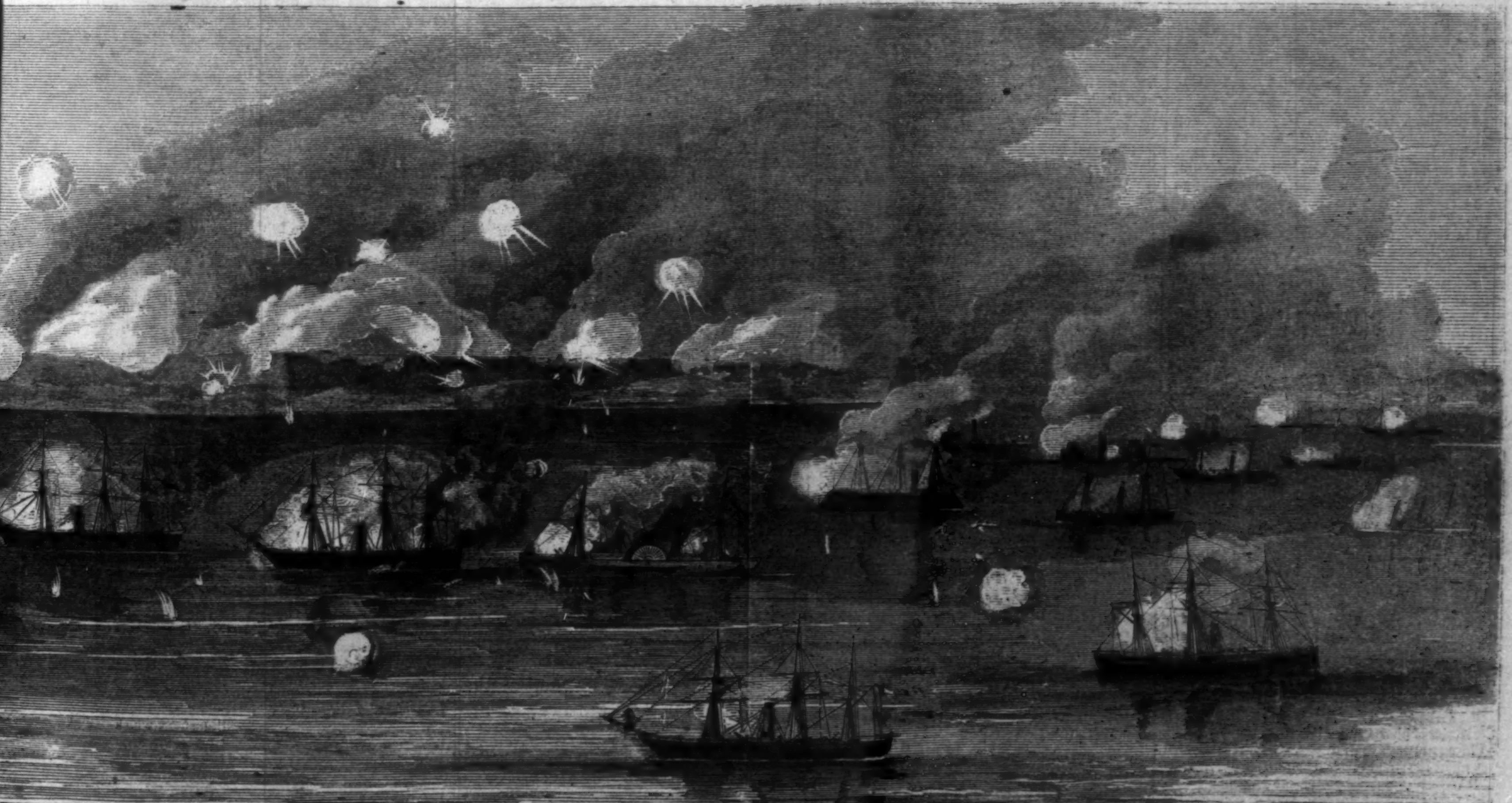
3° 56′ NORTH, LONGITUDE 77° 20′ WEST, DECEMBER 17, 1864.—[SKETCHED BY JOHN EVERDING.]



THE POWDER-SHIP "LOUISIANA."
[SKETCHED BY C. F. ELLMORE.]


Emma.
A D Vance
Alabama.
Cherokee.
Tristram Shandy.

COVER OF THE GUN-BOATS, DECEMBER 25, 1864.


Colorado.
Fort Fisher.
Minnesota.
Vanderbilt.
Mohican.
New Ironsides.
Iron-Clads
Ticonderoga.
Vance.

TION OF GENERAL BUTLER'S ARMY, DECEMBER 25, 1864.—[SKETCHED BY JOHN EVERDING.]

NOW.

Rise! for the day is passing,
  And you lie dreaming on;
The others have buckled their armor,
  And forth to the fight are gone;
A place in the ranks awaits you,
  Each man has some part to play;
The Past and the Future are nothing
  In the face of the stern To-day.

Rise from your dreams of the Future,
  Of gaining some hard-fought field;
Of storming some airy fortress,
  Or bidding some giant yield.
Your Future has deeds of glory,
  Of honor (God grant it may!);
But your arm will never be stronger,
  Or the need so great as To-day.

Rise! if the Past detains you,
  Her sunshine and storms forget;
No chains so unworthy to hold you
  As those of a vain regret;
Sad or bright, she is lifeless forever,
  Cast her phantom arms away,
Nor look back, save to learn the lesson
  Of a nobler strife To-day.

Rise! for the day is passing;
  The low sound that you scarcely hear
Is the enemy marching to battle—
  Arise! for the foe is here!
Stay not to sharpen your weapons,
  Or the hour will strike at last,
When, from dreams of a coming battle,
  You may wake to find it past!

THE GHOSTS OF BOLDEN TOWER.

Since I had been a young fellow of fourteen years of age my life had been almost entirely passed at sea. I had been long accustomed to the icebergs of the polar seas, or the burning and fervent glare of the tropic waters. Since I left home mighty changes had taken place. I had never before paid a visit to Bolden Tower, for my uncle had been a solitary man, who loved mathematics as much as he disliked society, and who never thought of inviting his younger relatives, for the simple reason that he did not want to be bored, and preferred to be alone. My brother Tom had only succeeded to his inheritance about a year and a half. He was the reverse of his uncle. In the first place, he was a married man, and had a select assortment of rosy-faced children, who shouted through the old fortress house all day long, and made his table blossom with their happy faces. In the next place, he loved society dearly, and hated mathematics cordially. In the next place, Tom was always inviting his relatives, whether young or old, and making much of them when they came. Without any letter or notice I had arrived at Bolden Tower, fresh from a homeward voyage, the first for many long years. The house was full of attractions for me. It contained Tom himself, his pretty wife, and my rosy nephews and nieces, and also a couple of sisters younger than myself, whose dear faces I had not seen for many weary years. When at sea I had heard, of course in letters from home, of the taking possession of Bolden Tower, and one of my sisters had on one occasion written me a letter which read like a page from some old romance, so full was it of old legends and stories which had been told them about the house in which they had come to live. "We have a real *live* ghost, though that is absurd, to be sure," wrote my sister Clara, "and for the first week after we went to the Tower, Mary and myself sat up all night, and did not dare to go to bed, but slept in the day time instead; but we have never seen any thing, and have since learned that the supernatural doings are confined to an old part of the original building which stands in the stable-yard, and is quite disconnected with it. Had this not been the case, I am quite sure Mary and myself could not have ventured to live with Tom, much as we love him, and Rosa, and the dear children."

I was a sailor, and therefore ought to be superstitious, but superstitious I was not. I had seen many strange sights and met with strange things on the high seas and in savage countries, and it seemed to me that ghosts could scarcely be stranger than many things with which I had become familiar. I had come home from the sea unexpectedly. I had emptied my pockets of small change in the toy-shops of the sea-port where I landed, and my purchases had made the coming of the sailor-uncle a very joyful occasion to my young nephews and nieces. By my dear brother and sisters, and sister-in-law I was received with open arms, and bewildered with embraces. The meeting and the welcome were cheaply purchased by the years of sea-faring hardships and loneliness. But not only my relatives were inhabitants of the old house for the festive season; the place was full, for Tom had determined to keep open house, and it seemed as if he had invited all the people he knew, so full the old house seemed. "Too full," said Tom, "for I'll be hanged if I know where you are to sleep, Jack."

"I declare," said Clara, "it will be just like all the stories of ghosts which one reads of—the haunted houses always are full except one room, which the ghost has; and this is a haunted house too—"

"With this difference—that we have never been disturbed by ghosts, male or female, and that the part they call haunted is separated from all our bedrooms. There's the haunted part, Jack," said Tom, pointing out of the bay-window of the breakfast-room to the ivy-grown and detached building in the stable-yard. "That's where the ghosts hang out, they say; and, laugh as you like, I declare I think there must be truth in the legend after all; for one night, as I was coming home—"

"Oh, Mr. Bolden! now don't frighten us—pray don't!" called out a nervous, middle-aged lady, who was of the party.

"I assure you, madam, what I am going to say is the truth," continued Tom. "I was coming home from fishing very late, and I rode into the stable-yard and gave my rods to Joseph; and just as he was taking them we both of us heard a peculiar low cry. Where it came from we could not tell, but we both thought from the upper room of the building yonder. At the same moment there was a rattling sound, as if some one was trying to open the windows in the upper story, and, as the moon was bright at that moment, I declare I thought I saw something white at the far window there, under the clock. I know I felt quite shaky, and I know also that Joseph was so terrified that he broke the top joint of my best fly-rod, and ran into the house as fast as his legs could carry him. Now I'll be bound Jack here would be in a fright if he saw the same thing, though he pretends to be so courageous, as all sailors do."

"What is the room on the ground-floor in the old building used for?" I asked.

"Oh, we use that as a harness-room, and, as we keep up a good fire there usually, it isn't a bad place to have a smoke in—in the day-time."

"And the supper-room?"

"Well, we intended when we first came to let the men-servants sleep there, and so had it fitted up, beds and all; but as that is just the portion of the building which is said to be haunted we soon found that neither love nor money would tempt any of the servant tribe to sleep there, or, if they could avoid it, go past its walls after dark."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," I said. "I'll sleep there, and see what these ghosts of ours are made of."

"Pooh! nonsense!" exclaimed my brother. "I would not allow you for the world."

"But I am determined," said I, "and I have never seen any spectres yet, nor slept in a haunted room; and it's a thing to be done once in one's life, as I take it, just for the sake of saying so."

"Oh, don't be so foolish, dear," said Clara, seizing hold of my arm. "Mary and myself will sit up, and you can have our bed; won't we, Mary?"

"If you say any more I will go back to sea again, and never come back any more," I said. "I want to try the haunted chamber, and I beg it as a favor. Put a fire in for me; let me have a bottle of claret and a comfortable arm-chair, so that I can warm myself before the fire, and get sleepy and comfortable, and then I don't think the spirits will harm me. But sleep there I must."

This determination had the desired effect upon the party. Therefore it was finally arranged that I should sleep in the haunted chamber, but it was also arranged that the chamber should be then and there made as comfortable as possible, and that—this was insisted on by my sisters—a young ensign who was staying in the house, and who had been sharing the bed of another gentleman, should participate my fate, and sleep in the room with me. My sisters would insist upon this, and as the young fellow in question, though evidently rather scared, did not dare to disobey when Clara spoke, he agreed at once.

"They surely won't face the army and navy," he said; "and we can talk ourselves to sleep over our claret and a pipe."

All this was arranged in the morning, and the day passed in a very lively and festive manner. We were dancing, playing at forfeits—even turning the trencher; flirting was abundant, for there were plenty of materials; and unlimited loo and speculation were indulged in by most of us, when our legs were tired. I did my share in the flirtation; for there was a charming little girl, the daughter of a neighboring proprietor, in whom—the girl, not the proprietor—I found myself taking quite a lively interest, and whom I succeeded in amusing with all sorts of queer stories of foreign countries, and a few home-spun yarns of my own.

My brother noticed it. "I don't think it's 'canny' for you two to be paying such attention to each other," he said, "considering the legend about the connection between our families long ago—"

"Ah!" I said, blushing, I am sure, as deeply as Miss Heronside herself, "is there a legend about the two families—what is it?"

"Well, you see," began Tom; "but no—it is connected with the precious ghost business; and as I want to test the truth of the matter, I will not let you know till after you and the ensign there have slept in the room, or else you may get dreaming about what I tell you."

"But you are surely not going to sleep in that dreadful room, Mr. Bolden?" said Miss Heronside, with a beseeching look.

"Honor bright. I have pledged myself to it, and my soldier comrade the same," I answered.

Miss Heronside looked much disturbed, but said no more, and shortly after went home in her father's carriage, promising to dine with us on the following day.

"Eleven o'clock came, twelve o'clock came, and the ensign and myself went out to our bedroom. My sisters bade me good-night with grave countenances, and said they should not sleep for thinking of our unpleasant quarters.

When my comrade and I arrived in our chamber, to which we ascended by a flight of steep stone steps, which had perhaps at one time been covered in, but now wound outside the building to the upper story, we found a monstrous fire blazing, a table set out with wine, a can for mulling claret, if we so desired, standing by the fire, a bright carpet over the portion of the floor nearest the fire, and two comfortable arm-chairs. The room was flooded with light, the glasses and decanters sparkled, the fire leaped and crackled, so that we involuntarily exclaimed, in almost the same breath, "What a jolly room!"

We locked, bolted, and barred the door, which was the only inlet to the room, tried the window fastenings; then my companion pulled out a pistol and laid it on the table.

"A pistol?" said I.

"Why, yes. I promised them that I would fire a pistol if we were frightened by any thing, and besides, some one might be inclined to play a trick on us, knowing we are here, and I should like to wing 'em if they do so; but we don't seem likely to meet with any thing here but comfort; so let's fill our pipes."

The room was bare and commonplace; there were two small beds just for one person each, situated one at each end of the room, the window being in the middle of the room, and the door nearly opposite the window. There were no ponderous hangings, rich cornices, old paintings frowning from the walls, as in the majority of haunted rooms that I had ever read or heard of. The walls were white-washed and bare, the floor oak, the chimney had been large, but was bricked up, and a modern grate inserted. If it had not been for the fire and carpet, it would doubtless have been a very cheerless room. As it was, it was delightful, and not a bit fearsome.

We went to bed. According to my usual habit I scarcely lay down than I fell fast asleep. I had been too much accustomed to the howling of storms to be disturbed by any land winds. Nay, I question whether the very noise did not really lull me to rest.

I can not say how long I had been asleep, but I suddenly woke. Opening my eyes I found that the fire had died down, and that the room was in comparative darkness. The wind had ceased, but the rain and sleet were pouring down outside. The Ensign was snoring. I was just closing my eyes again. I was attracted by what seemed a gentle motion of the door. I stared at it. Was it the flickering light of the fire? No; the door was quietly, noiselessly opening. This last circumstance caused a sudden feeling of fear to pass over me. The door was a heavy one, and always creaked and groaned on its hinges whenever the Ensign or I opened or shut it. It was now opening as quietly and noiselessly as if gliding over snow. We had made the door perfectly fast, too. Who—what could it be? At that moment the recollection that I was in the haunted chamber passed over me, and I felt a chill strike to my very bones. Slowly, quietly the door opened and opened. I stared at it with a species of fascination which I could not overcome. Happening once to glance toward the Ensign's bed, I could see that he had raised his head, and was also staring at the moving door. When the door had half opened a white figure, seeming to creep out of the blackness of the night, appeared—not a distinct figure, a mere image through which I could see, as it glided in the door it left behind; far more terrible than a perfect figure—the luminous image of a man, which said at once, as plainly as form can speak, I AM NOT MORTAL. The face was pale, the eyes cold dead-glazed. Oh, horror! the eyes, the head were turned toward the part of the room in which I slept. Oh, horror! the figure moved toward my bed. I was seized, grappled, with a numbing sense of fear which I could not overcome. I could not move or cry—I would have given worlds to have leaped from my bed and out of the window; but I was spell-bound, paralyzed. Judge, then, of my unutterable horror when the ghastly figure calmly, quietly, glided toward the bed on which I lay. It came nearer, nearer; its cold, glassy eyes were fixed upon my face, the chill breath of its presence struck to my very bones—it came quite close to my pillow: my very blood curdled, my heart almost ceased to beat. Crowning horror of all, its shadowy hand passed over the bed, as if feeling for something—passed over my brow with the cold, clammy touch of a corpse. In my intense fear my reason was surely leaving me. Once—twice—thrice the spectre hand passed over the bed, and then, turning, the figure passed swiftly into the centre of the room. When there, I saw another figure, spectral too, transparent like the other, luminous like the other; but this figure was the figure of a young, slight girl, arrayed, seemingly, in her night-dress. I could notice even then, in spite of my deadly terror, the wondrous beauty of her pallid face: nay, I could also notice a something in that face which spoke of Violet Heronside: a hint, a trace, a family shadow, call it. The look of terror, of pain in the face was such as I have never forgotten—can never forget. That look haunts me still. Shall I ever outlive the images of that horrible night?

The male spectre appeared to be dragging the other along the floor toward the window. The window slided upward as noiselessly as the door had opened, and the two figures seemed to glide, or fall, or pass together into the open air, but just at that moment a shrill, female shriek ran through the room. I heard this, and close thereupon the loud report of a pistol. My brain reeled, and I fell back senseless.

I recovered myself in the breakfast-room of the Tower; Tom and his wife, and my sisters about me, in half undress, chafing my hands and bathing my head.

It was just daybreak, the watery rays imperfectly lighted the room, and all faces around me were very pale. The Ensign was at a little distance, leaning against the mantle-piece, and as white as ashes.

When I recovered sufficiently to be informed how I got there, I was told that Tom had heard the report of the pistol which the Ensign, with more presence of mind than I possessed, had fired at the spectres, and had jumped out of bed, knowing that something must be wrong, had compelled a terrified footman to accompany him to our chamber, and on arriving there had found door and window open, the Ensign sitting upright in his bed trembling like an aspen leaf, and myself lying senseless.

I swallowed draught after draught of hot brandy-and-water, which seemed scarcely to have any effect upon my shaken system. Every now and then a memory of what I endured passed across me, and I shook in every limb, and my teeth chattered in my head.

I was wrapped up in blankets, and set in an arm-chair in front of the kitchen fire; and there I dozed till breakfast time.

Of course, the numerous visitors knew nothing of what had happened till they assembled round the breakfast-table; but before a word was said the haggard faces of the Ensign and myself had betrayed us.

The tale was told, not by me—for I could not bear to speak of it—but by the Ensign, who had not undergone the extremest horror of all, the passing of the cold corpse-hand over my face. A chill seemed to pass over the circle as they listened to the narration, and although it was broad daylight, many glanced fearfully about them, as if dreading a ghost in their neighbors.

"Then," said Tom, "there is truth in the legend after all about the two families."

Remembering the inexplicable likeness in the female spectre to Violet, I eagerly asked for the legend. Its substance was as follows: An ancestor of ours, in the reign of Henry VII., had woed and won the heiress of the Heronsides. It seems that ours was the poorest family, and that the old Heronside was averse to the match. My ancestor had carried off his bride, and married her in private, then brought her home to the chamber in which we slept, then a bride chamber and hung with rich tapestry.

On the third night after their arrival home, the angry father had himself come to their bridal bower in the dead of night, had opened the door by means of false keys, stabbed the bridegroom in his bed, dragged his daughter from his side, and thrust her from the window; in doing so he had overbalanced himself, and both were picked up dead. Such was the tragic tale, and such the foundation for a feud which had lasted for many generations, and had but recently been patched up.

"By Jove," said the Ensign, "I am not exactly a coward, but I certainly would not sleep in that room again for a marshal's *baton*."

"Nor I to be made Admiral of the Blue," I answered; and so we slept on the breakfast-room floor that night.

I saw Miss Heronside a day or so after, and told her the story. She was strangely moved, and the tears burst into her beautiful eyes. I ventured—we were alone—to kiss them softly away. "Can not we heal the old feud, and atone for the old crime?" I asked, softly; and the happiness of my life I owe to the gentle answer—"Yes."

OVER THE STONES.

On we wander, with smiles or sighs,
Laughter or tears, in our wrinkling eyes,
Aches and pains in our stiffening knees,
We care now only for rest and ease;
Friends have gone to the distant zones,
Yet we're still pattering over the stones.

Youth—ha! many are gone since then,
Past and forgotten by angels and men,
Melted to gases, pale and thin,
With their follies and faults, and virtue and sin;
Yet still in our ears sound their friendly tones,
As we go pattering over the stones.

The streets are changed, and the houses too,
Forgotten the good that we tried to do;
The sea has some of our friends once dear,
Earth has swallow'd the rest, we fear;
Acids and salts have fled from their bones—
Yet we're still pattering over the stones.

A BLACK AFFAIR.

Well, thank 'e, Sir, I don't mind if I do. A little drop of rum, Sir, if you please. Rum's my favorite liquor. I always think, Sir, that there's more for your money, like, looking at it from all points. As regards quantity, it is not equal to gin, but, considering the color and the flavor, it comes as near brandy as you could expect for the price. Here's fortune, Sir!

How long have I been in the line? Close upon five-and-twenty years. You may know about the time when I tell you that Jim Crow was all the go; that's a pun, ain't it, Sir? My mates tells me that I could write one of them Christmas burlesques stunning. You won't mind if I pun, Sir, for I'm fond of fun, Sir, and, between you and me, I like a bun, Sir, as sure as a gun, Sir. You see, it comes natural to me, like. Well, as I was a saying, it is about five-and-twenty years since I first took to the darkey business. I was a bit of a boy then, and did Jim Crow all over the country. I what you may call propagated him. When Dan Rice went into the country he found I had been before him. All the boys and gals, Sir, were turning about and wheeling about and doin' just so long before they saw Dan. I was the man, Sir, that spoilt his plan, Sir, for I was the boy that could can, Sir. Well, Sir, I won't pun if you don't like it. But as I was a saying, Sir, I made my first appearance in Jim Crow—little Jim Crow they called me—in a black face and a white pair of trowsers. Lor' bless you, Sir, what a thing is experience! At that time of day we used to black our faces with sut and tallow-grease, not knowing no better; but since then, Sir, such is the march of intelleck, Sir, science has revealed burnt cork, which is simple and highly inoxshus. Whatever there may be a wanting, Sir, to man here below, it's not cork. According to my experience of life cork is every where, but I regret to say not bottles with something in them. But cork is all perwading, and with lucifers, which is also a universal element, there you are with Ethiopia in your waistcoat pocket!

I began with the bones; rose rapidly, owing to my native genius, to the tambourine; advanced with giant strides to the banjo; and at last attained to the proud eminence of the concertina. I might have retired on a computence long before now, Sir, if it hadn't been for the— But why should I mention the word? What is it that conquers all mankind and makes cowards of us all, as Shakspeare observes? What is it? Why the fee-males. Hellen was the cause of Rob Roy's destruction, as the song says. The fee-males was the ruin of me; at least one fee-male was. And that fee-male was my wife.

She was a fine woman, Sir, and she *is* a fine woman as ever you would desire to clap your eyes upon in a summer's day; a foot and a half taller than me, but no ambition, and such a rasping temper. For you, Sir, or any gent as wasn't professional, she would have been just the thing. Tall, Sir, high action, a fine figure-head, and a mole on her left cheek, but domestic. That's where we didn't hit it—she was domestic; and when a woman as is married to a professional is domestic she can't a-bear you to be out of her sight. When you are away performing she gets jealous; not of any body in particular, as far as I can make out, but of the public in general. A domestic wife, Sir, in my walk of life, Sir, tends to strife, Sir—beg your pardon, I'm sure, Sir; but it's a natural genius which there's no keeping down; always was witty, Sir; can't help it.

My wife turned out downright unreasonable. She was for regular hours in the business. "Ten to five, or a little arter," she used to say, "is very good hours for a man to be in business, and a married man ought to be home and abed by ten o'clock." Well, you know, Sir, in my line that sort of thing won't do. If Hop Light Loo is your line you must do the best you can; and if you want a sweet-heart, why darkey is your man. Leastwise, Sir, I mean that in my line you can't choose your hours, and you can't choose your district. As a rule, there's nothing to be done in the nigger line until after dinner. Organs is the only thing in that way that people will stand directly after breakfast. You want a good foundation of roast beef or pork and something to drink before you are in a humor for the niggers. And do you know, Sir, I fancy that the more people have to drink the better they like our performance. And so it is, Sir, that our best time is at night. I used to do a very good night business with our troupe, of which, being the concertina, I was the head and director—a very good business, Sir, until I got married. But I hadn't been married a week before Mrs. G. began to row me about being out late at night.

"My dear Maria," I says to her, "it's business; it's your living, my dear, and mine too."

"Don't tell me," she says; "there's no proper business to be done at this time of night, and if I had known the sort of life you was going to lead me I shouldn't have married you."

"Well, Maria," I would say to her, "I'm sure I never deceived you as to my line of life."

"You told me you was a hartist," she says.

"I did," I says; "but did I ever deceive you as to the nature of the hart? Didn't I tell you in a straightforward manner that I was in the musical way, that my instrument was the concertina. It is true," I says, "that I came a-courting you in a clean face and my best Sunday-going suit; but when you remarked a black rim round my neck didn't I make a clean breast of it, and confess to the burnt cork on my bended knees? And what did you say to me, Maria? Didn't you take me by the 'and and say, 'Rise, Joseph, rise; it does not become you to kneel thus to a fragile woman? Love,' you says, 'is superior to a little sut, and I'd love *you* all the same if you was the Hottentot Wenus.'"

Yes, Sir, I was candid with Maria, and I was candid with her family, which had been in the iron-mongery line and seen better days, but was now reduced through misfortunes. It is true that Maria's ma kept a mangle, presented to her by subscription by the members of her dutiful family, and that her pa, being unequal to exertion, was in the poor-house; but having paid taxes and kep their own chay in better times, I knew what was due to them, and, on aspiring to Maria's 'and, stated all circumstances—birth, parentage, profession, and average earnings.

I remember well, Sir, what the old gentleman said to me on the wedding-day. I went down to the poor-house for him at ten o'clock and brought him up in a cab to give his daughter away. And he gave her away, Sir, cheerfully—which was very generous of him, considering that she was all his property. And, coming out of church, the old gentleman says to me:

"Joseph," says he, "things has been said, but not by me. Mind, it wasn't me as said Maria was going to marry beneath her. There's no pride about me; but the old woman, you know, was connected with the aristocracy, and, though brought down, Joseph, her notions are high. She didn't quite like it at first, and might have said something. But don't you take any notice, she'll be reconciled to it in time."

So she was, Sir; for the very next Sunday the old lady invited me and Maria to tea, and we took our own tea and sugar, and a new cottage loaf, and warmed the old lady up with a glass of gin, and she was reconciled in no time. So you can't say there was any family misunderstanding, can you, Sir? It was all fair and square; Maria knew what I was, and the family knew what I was, and they took me for what I was.

Maria could not deny it; yet often when I went home late she'd go into high strikes, fly at me like a cat and tear my clothes off my back, get hold of the tails of my coat—them long comic tails as we wear, Sir—and off they'd come like tinder; then she'd make a grab at my hair, but that being a horse-hair wig deceived her, and only aggravated her the more, when she'd chuck the wig in the fire and seize me by the real hair, pulling out handfuls. There was no pacifying her, Sir; soft words weren't a bit of use. I've took home something nice for supper, thinking that would prevent a row; but it didn't. Once it was a bit of boiled pork and pease-puddin', and she took up the pease-puddin' in handfuls and threw it at me like mud. Pease-puddin' ain't a nice thing, Sir, to be compo'd with. I've took her home a velvet bonnet all over roses and ribbons and she's danced upon it, Sir.

When I've been very late, and frightened to go home, I've got two or three of my mates to go in with me; sometimes I've took the whole troupe. But Lor' bless you, Sir, it wouldn't have made no difference if I had gone home guarded by a regiment of soldiers, or a whole division of the police. Maria let us have it all round, generally with the banjo over the head. You see she had no sympathy with hart, Sir, didn't understand it. Her idea of work was washing, and ironing, and cleaning up the house. "Fine thing for you," she would say, "gallivanting about, seeing pleasure, while I'm at home here, toiling and slaving." As a general rule, Sir, I don't think women understand hart.

But the worst of it was that all this interfered with business. I'm a man that likes peace and quietness myself, and I'd do any thing rather than have a row. I've sat many a night in the cold on the stairs waiting for Maria's temper to cool down. But if you tread upon a worm, Sir, it will turn, especially if you interfere with it in business, and humiliate it before the public at large. And that's what Maria did more than once. There's a good bit of money to be picked up in the season at the watering-places. But I never could go; Maria wouldn't let me.

"If *you* go, Joseph," she used to say, "*I* go."

Well, of course I couldn't drag Maria about with me over the country; it would have been double expense, and hartists in our line don't always find it easy to get lodgings. Ours, Sir, is an awkward pocket to suit as regards rent. And being professionals we like to keep ourselves quiet when we retire into private life. It wouldn't do for public characters like us to go to the Metropolitan.

Well, the consequence was that my mates went without me, and I was left in New York at the dull season of the year to do the best I could single-handed. But one nigger ain't no use, Sir; it's true the concertina is scientific, but without the banjo and the bones it's nothing. I did very bad, and could get little more than a crust. But Maria didn't care. Her maximum always was, better a crust of bread-and-cheese and be home and a-bed at ten o'clock than fried oysters and gin with gallivanting.

It was all jealousy. Yet I never give her any occasion, Sir. Never. Of course I palavered the gals, and I dare say sometimes gammoned them out of their missus's pin-money; but it was in the way of business. It wasn't love, Sir, it was money.

What I am going to tell you now, Sir, is a great ewent, and I dare say some day it will be mentioned in History.

It was in the dull season, and I had not done a stroke of business for some time. I had been out on a stroll, and was returning home, thinking—as I generally do when I'm in bad luck—that I might possibly find a purse or a bundle of notes lying in the road. Well, Sir, just as I was turning a street corner I saw something white lying on the pavement. My heart was in my mouth. I thought it was the bundle of notes at last. But it wasn't. It was only a lady's cambric handkercher. But that was worth something, for it had lace all round it. I am no judge of lace myself, but I thought that it was likely to be the real thing. So I put the handkercher in my pocket and said nothing to nobody. I intended to give it to Maria when I got home; but she had a little bit of supper ready, and was so pleasant and agreeable that I quite forgot all about it. I went to bed without mentioning the handkercher.

As I was dozing off, Maria, who had stopped up to put things to rights, suddenly came up to the bedside and shook me. "Joseph," she said.

"Well," I said, "what is 't?"

"Joseph," she repeated; and I knew by her tone that there was something up.

I opened my eyes and saw Maria standing beside me with the handkercher in her hand. She had been to my pockets and found it.

"What's this?" she said.

"A handkercher," I said.

"A handkercher!" she said. "Whose handkercher?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," I said. "I picked it up in the street, and was going to give it to you, only I forgot it."

"How do you look, Joseph, when you're telling a lie?" she said.

"What do you mean?" I said.

"I'll tell you what I mean," she said. "Some woman give you this, Joseph. I've suspected you for some time; but you can't deceive me, now I have the hocklar proof."

"Oh, how can you think such a thing, Maria?" I said. "I'm sure I never gave you any cause."

"This handkercher!" she said; and she looked at me quite awful.

Well, Sir, I took a bitter oath that I had picked it up, but she wouldn't have it.

"Why, what nonsense," I said; "it's real lace. I dare say it belongs to a Fifth Avenue heiress."

"Ah," she says; "it ain't the first time I've heard of heiresses falling in love with professionals. Joseph, you're a willin."

It cut me to the quick to be called a name like that, and me innocent as an unborn babe. But nothing would pacify her. She worked herself up into high strikes in no time. Thinking that she would soon cry and kick herself out, I lay quiet and never said a word. But that wouldn't do. She got up in a fury, threw my wig into the fire as usual, stamped upon my serenading hat, and then pulled all the clothes off me. She went on like a mad woman, Sir, and roused the whole house.

"I'll go home to my parents," she said.

"Don't be foolish," I said. "You know your ma is out a washing, and the poor-house is shut long ago; they won't let you see the old gentleman to-night."

"This comes of marrying one beneath me in station," she said.

Now she had never said that to me before; but I knew now that it had been buried in her breast, and that she had been thinking of it for years.

"Oh, Maria!" I said. "I never thought that you would have thrown that up in my face. If you do come of a high family," I said, "love's a leveler."

"Love!" she says; "do you dare to talk to me of love, false one?"

"I arn't a false one, Maria; I'm your true loving 'usband," I said.

"The handkercher!" she said, holding it up like an accusing spectre. "Go to your heiress, go!" And with that she flounced out of the room, and sat half the night on the stairs a weeping and sobbing and beating the boards with her heels, so that nobody could get a wink of sleep in the 'ouse.

When she come up in the morning she was as cold as a frog, but quiet. She never spoke all breakfast-time; but after I had blacked my face, and just as I was cutting a paper collar, she rises, and draws herself up to her full height, and says:

"Joseph," she says, "I'll never live under the same roof with you no more. I'll have a divorce."

"Very well," I says; "if that's your temper have a divorce. Only it strikes me that it won't run to it unless you have a good deal more money than we've got," I said.

All I had, Sir, was a fifty cent stamp, and though I knew that divorces had been much reduced in price, I didn't think they had come down so low as that.

"Don't you think," I said, "it would be cheaper to refer it to arbitration? I don't mind standing by what your pa says."

"Oh, I dare say," she said; "you and pa are very thick because you give him bacca. I choose ma."

"Very well," I said; "you have ma and I'll have pa."

So that was agreed upon, and Maria put on her bonnet and went off for her ma, and I, without waiting to wash the black off my face, went up to the poor-house for the old man.

The first thing the old gentleman said, on getting outside the gates, was, "Ain't we going to take a coach, Joseph?"

"No, father," I says, "coaches is for weddings; but it's divorce that's on to-day; and under those circumstances you don't feel inclined to go to the expense."

The old gentleman being rather weak on the pins, it took us some time to get down to where I lodged, and Maria and her ma were there waiting for us.

"Here you are," I said; "here's my referee."

"And here's mine," said Maria, pointing to her ma, who, having her sleeves up, had evidently been summoned away in the midst of her washing.

"Now," I said, "go ahead."

Well, Sir, of course Maria had no facts to go upon, except that she had found the handkercher in my pocket. I tore the case for the prosecution all to tatters, and Maria hadn't got a rag to stand upon except the handkercher.

"Now," I says, "pa, what's your verdict?"

"Not guilty," he says, without leaving the box.

"Hear, hear," I says. "And what's yours, ma?"

"Well," she says, talking quite proud, just like her daughter, both having been at boarding-school, "I should like to see the handkercher."

Maria showed her the handkercher.

"Why," she says, "it's the finest cambric, with real lace round it; it's worth five dollars if it's worth a penny."

"Very well, then, mum, what do you say?"

"Well," replied Maria's ma, "I say pawn it."

"Them's my sentiments exactly," I says; "pawn it, and let's have rumpsteak and onions for dinner."

Maria vowed that her own flesh and blood had turned against her; but when I brought in a quart of rum and a pint and a half of old ale, and she'd had a drop, she came round a little, and at last agreed to go out and pawn the handkercher. Then we had a nice bit of hot dinner, and the old gentleman got quite convivial, and sang Away with Melancholy, and we passed as pleasant an afternoon, Sir, as I'd wish to see.

Arter that happiness, Sir, was restored to my domestic hearth; only I couldn't help thinking that things was a deal too pleasant to last. Maria was all sugar, never scolded, never was jealous, and was always singing. I couldn't make it out at all. Formerly she had despised my line of hart, and called my songs nonsense and rubbish. But now she was a singing of them every day, and beautiful she sang them too; especially Lucy Neal and the Old Folks at Home, which was all the go then. I never thought that she had such talent.

But what's her little game? I thought to myself. She's dropped the jealousy and she's dropped the words, and though she doesn't say much, she's always a singing; and two or three times when I come in unexpected I caught her putting away some finery that she'd been making, as if she didn't want me to see it.

One afternoon, when I came in to my bit of dinner, there was nobody in the room. I knocked at the door of the lodger on the same landing, a young woman in the shoe-binding line, and asked if she knew where my missus was? "All right," she says; "she'll be with you directly."

I went back to my room and sat down, and in about five minutes the door opened and somebody came in. I looked round and saw before me—what do you think, Sir? A tall woman dressed in a short red petticoat, with a turban on her head, and her face blacked!

There was no mistaking that figure-head. It was Maria.

"How do you like me now?" she says.

"Why, Maria," I says, "whatever are you up to?"

In answer to that, Sir, she whips up an old tambourine, and strikes up—

"Rosa, Rosa, Sambo come,
Make a little fire in de back room;
Oh, Rose, coal-black Rose,
I wish I may be burned
If I don't love Rose."

And then she did the tambourine with her thumb, and jingled it to the time, and banged it against her head and elbows just as if she had been born to it.

"Will that suit?" she says.

"Why, Maria," I said to her quite serious, "what *does* this mean?"

"Well," she says, "it means, Joseph, that I don't think you draw by yourself; and I'm going to help you. What you want," she says, "is the fee-male element in your performances."

"And do you mean to say, Maria, that you're going out with me like that?"

"Yes," she says, "I do mean to say it. In future, Joseph, where you go I go. I'm sure it will improve the business; and being with you, I can always have my eye upon you."

And she did go out with me, Sir; and that was how fee-males was first introduced into the nigger business. Lots of fellows have claimed the honor of the inwention; but it was me as did it, me and Maria.

There's lots of fee-males in the profession now, but Maria was the first; and if you are in the History line, perhaps you will be good enough to put it down.

Thank you, Sir, the same as before, with lemon.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

QUERIES FOR THE NAVAL SCHOOLS.

WHEN a boat puts off for fresh meat, does it go on "a leg of mutton sail?"

How should you proceed if you were ordered to rig—the market?

Has the "christening" of a ship any thing to do with its "conversion?"

NO CURE AND HIGH PAY.—Quack medicine not only does not cure the simpletons who have recourse to it, but makes them worse. The practice of a Quack Doctor is the most objectionable of all sine-cures.

The Erie Railroad, we understand, is in good run-in order. To make sure of the fact, take a ride through Bergen tunnel.

An Irish judge, after holding the assizes at Tipperary, made a tour in Wales during the circuit. He there saw, with astonishment, a calendar of prisoners without one homicide or assault. He pointed out the striking contrast to his clerk, who contemptuously remarked, "The Welsh are a mean-spirited people."

"Papa," said a youngster, "what is punctuation?" "It is the art of putting stops, my child." "Then I wish you would go down into the cellar and punctuate the cider-barrel, as the cider is running all over the floor."

ACCORDING TO GUNTHER.—We learn that our worthy Mayor has refrained from reading the Opdyke-Weed trial on the ground that it might lead him to entertain *contracted* views. Several city politicians are following his wise example.

MORAL REFLECTIONS BY A POLICEMAN.—"It seems to me that, with many young men, the most approved method of winding up the night is reeling it home."

When does a severe cold resemble a brilliant idea?—When it comes into one's head suddenly.

Is an Indian's wigwam so called because he thatches it with the scalps of his victims?

What is the most difficult thing in the world?—To find out the most difficult thing in the world.

Why is swearing like an old coat?—Because it's a bad habit.

SINGULAR.—It is said that the rose of Florida, the most beautiful of flowers, emits no fragrance; the bird of Paradise, the most beautiful of birds, gives no songs; the cypress of Greece, the finest of trees, yields no fruit; dandies, the shiniest of men, have no sense; and ball-room belles, the loveliest creatures in the world, are very often ditto—only more so!

GREAT SHOCK.—A lady we know was startled the other day by being told that some one was waiting below for her "body." Dress-makers should be careful.

A witty saying of M. Dumas, the younger, is amusing Paris. The Empress is said to have invited him to Compiegne, adding to her courtesy an assurance that all the guests were to enjoy full liberty in the chateau. "What a pity, then, Madame," said M. Dumas, "that all France has not been invited."

JENNIE JUNE, in her recent "Talks on Women's Topics," says that in almost every instance where a man marries a sensible woman, it is after he has met with a severe disappointment in not marrying a fool.

NEW ORTHOGRAPHY.—The lady's-maid of a fashionable marchioness, whose style of dress far exceeds that of her mistress, having occasion to write an order to a perfumer recently, actually requested him to send a dozen bottles of "*O Dick Alone*" (eau-de-Cologne).

A SOLEMN FACT.—It is difficult to make the pot boil with the fire of genius.

Why is the letter T like an island?—Because it is in the midst of water.

Eve, according to Milton, kept silence in Eden to hear her husband talk. There have been no Eves since.

"In the Ortum of 18— my frend, the editor of the Baldinsville *Bugle*, was obliged to leave perfeshernal dooties and go and dig his taters, and he axed me to edit for him doorin' his absence. Accordingly I ground up his Shears and commenced. It didn't take me a grate while to slash out copy enuff from the xchanges for one issoo, and I thawt I'd ride up to the next town on a little Jaunt, to rest my Branes which had bin severely rackt by my mental efforts. (This is sorter Ironical.) So I went over to the Rale Rood office and axed the Sooprintendent for a pars. '*You* a editor?' he axed, evijently on the pint of snickerin'. 'Yes, Sir, sez I, 'don't I look poor enuff?' 'Just about,' said he, 'but our Road can't pars you.' 'Can't, hay?' 'No, Sir—it can't.' 'Becauz,' sez I, lookin' him full in the face with a eagle eye, 'it goes so darned slow it can't pars any body!' Methinks I had him thar. It's the slowest Rale Road in the West. With a mortified air he told me to git out of his office. I pittid him and went."

MIND YOUR STOPS.—A clergyman was lately depicting before a deeply-interested audience the alarming increase of intemperance, when he astonished his hearers by exclaiming, "A young woman in my neighborhood died very suddenly last Sabbath, while I was preaching the Gospel in a state of beastly intoxication!"

If you love others, they will love you. If you speak kindly to them, they will speak kindly to you. Love is repaid with love, and hatred with hatred. Would you hear a sweet and pleasant echo, speak sweetly and pleasantly yourself.

QUESTION FOR AGRICULTURISTS.—What vegetable *only* petitions not to be eaten?—Why, of course, the lettuce alone (*let us alone*).

An editor, having read in another paper that there is a tobacco which, if a man smokes or chews, will make him forget that he owes a shilling in the world, innocently concludes that many of his subscribers have been furnished with the article.

A young lady of our acquaintance, who likes her joke as well as her fowls (do they like joking?), tells us she has a bantam so prolific that she thinks the bird is hen-egg-haustible.

EDWARD EVERETT.

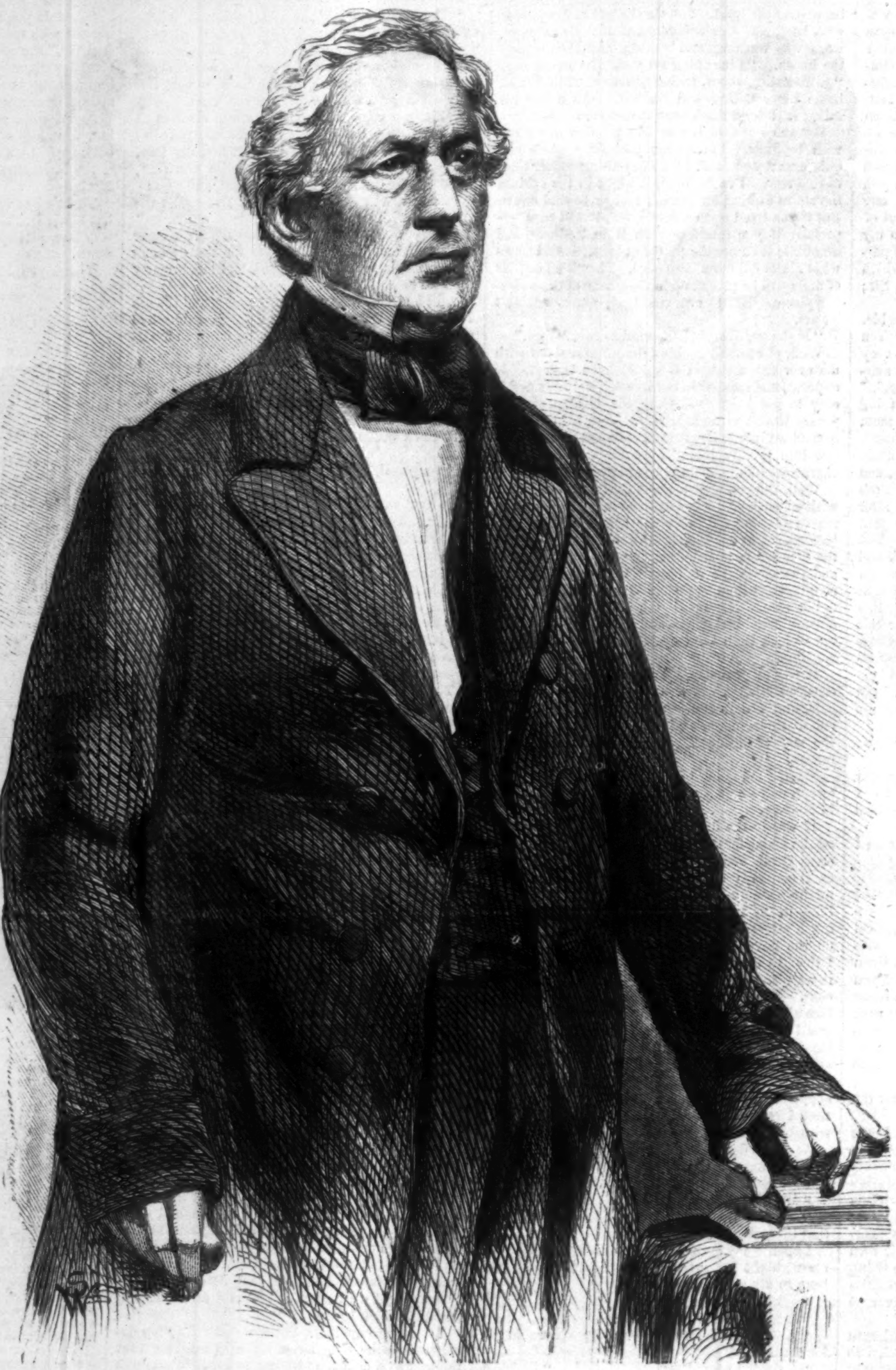
EDWARD EVERETT, one of the most conservative of American statesmen, and the most accomplished of American orators, died, at his residence on Summer Street, Boston, of apoplexy, on the morning of the 15th inst. In an appropriate order, dated a few hours after his death, the Secretary of State, under the direction of the President, announced this important event, and instructed the several executive departments of the government to "cause appropriate honors to be rendered to the memory of the deceased, at home and abroad, wherever the national name and authority are acknowledged."

EDWARD EVERETT was born in Dorchester, Massachusetts, April 11, 1794. He was the son of a New England clergyman, the Rev. OLIVER EVERETT, and was the youngest of three brothers, one of whom, the late ALEXANDER HILL EVERETT, is well known as having filled with credit many diplomatic positions under our government. Mr. EVERETT was graduated at Harvard College at the early age of seventeen. Two years afterward he was ordained as pastor of the Brattle Street Church, in Boston, filling the place left vacant by the brilliant and lamented BUCKMINSTER. At this early stage of his career he was greatly admired for the finish and elegance of his pulpit discourses. In his college course he had chiefly distinguished himself for his aptitude as a linguist. He had been tutor at the college before his clerical appointment, and before he was twenty-one he was offered the Eliot professorship of Greek literature at Harvard, and in order fully to qualify himself for the duties of that office he traveled in Europe. Four years were occupied in travel and study, and upon his return in 1819 he entered upon a career at Harvard which was memorable not only for the enthusiasm which Mr. EVERETT created in the students of that institution, but also for the popular interest which his lectures on classic literature excited in Boston and its vicinity. For the five years following, he, in addition to his purely classical labors, conducted the *North American Review*.

Mr. EVERETT's celebrated Phi Beta Kappa oration at Cambridge, in 1824, was the first of that long series of popular orations which have established his fame as the most elegant of American rhetoricians. On that occasion General LAFAYETTE was seated at his side upon the platform, and at the close of his address the speaker paid a graceful tribute to this distinguished compatriot of WASHINGTON.

Mr. EVERETT's political life commenced with his election to Congress from the Middlesex District in 1824. He served in the House for ten years, and was during that period a member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and in the 20th Congress was made chairman of that committee. In 1834 he was elected Governor of Massachusetts, an office which he held for four years. In 1840 he was appointed by President HARRISON as Minister of the United States to the British Court. Upon his return, in 1845, he accepted the presidency of Harvard College, from which, after three years, he retired, and in 1852, upon the death of Mr. WEBSTER, was appointed Secretary of State. In 1853 he took his seat in the Senate, but, owing to his ill health, was obliged to resign. Since that time his efforts have been chiefly devoted to the collection of the fund for the purchase of Mount Vernon, for which he realized the sum of more than $100,000. His ardent devotion to the Union in the time of her greatest peril is held in the grateful remembrance of the American people. His last official act was the casting of his electoral vote for President Lincoln.

Mr. EVERETT was punctual and methodical in the performance of every official duty, sensitive in temperament, and reserved and courtly in manner. While he was a man of elegant taste, he was also eminently practical, though unfitted to the bustle and strife of actual life. The last speech which Mr. EVERETT made was at Faneuil Hall, on the 9th inst., in behalf of the people of Savannah.



THE LATE EDWARD EVERETT.

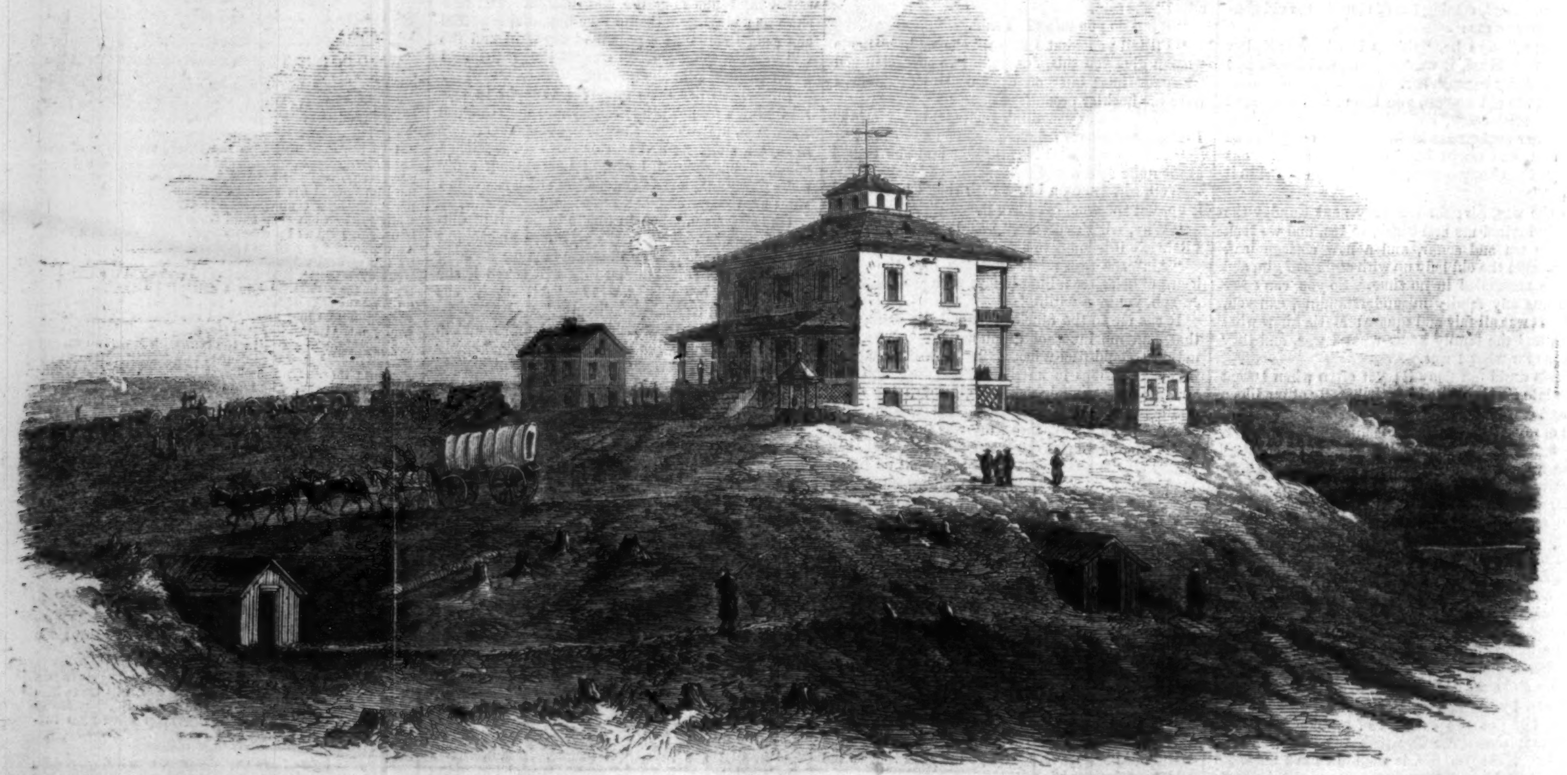
CHICAGO WATER-WORKS.

THE remarkable progress of Chicago during the last decade almost surpasses belief. In 1830 the city did not exist—upon its present site there was a small wooden fort only, with two or three houses in the vicinity. Its population in 1837 was 4170, and was tripled in eight years. In 1860 the population numbered 109,260; in 1864 it was 169,353. We think that this progress has no parallel in history.

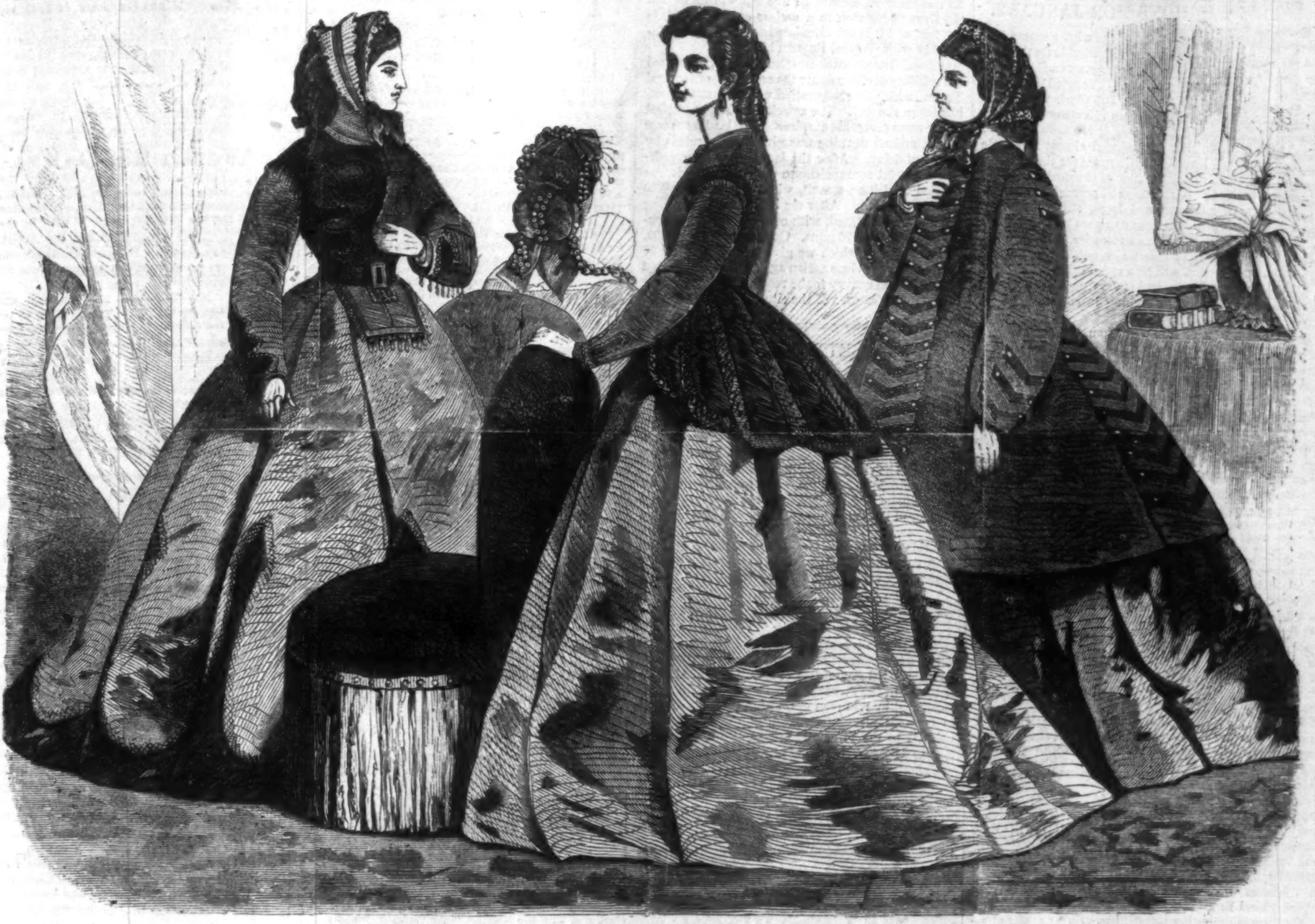
But notwithstanding this rapid growth it is only recently that means have been taken to supply the city satisfactorily with water. It has always depended on Lake Michigan for this supply; and always during a stormy season the water was filled with sediment, and at other times the water had a flavor of the Chicago River, which receives the sewage of the city.

On the 17th of March, 1864, under the auspices of Messrs. DUNCAN & GOWEN, a tunnel was commenced which, passing under the lake, will convey to the city perfectly pure water.

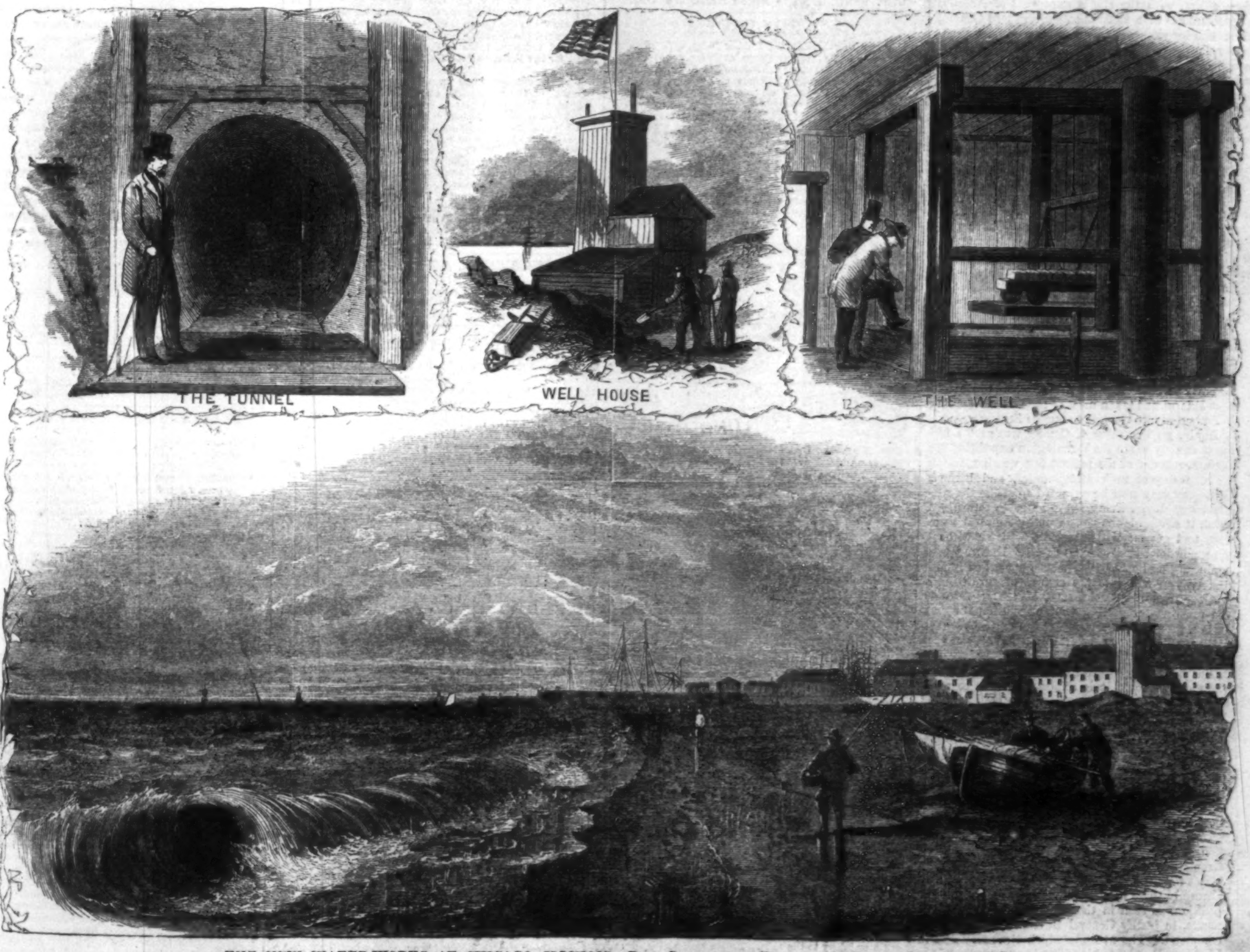
The well, or shaft, of this tunnel is 68 feet in depth, and about 8 feet in diameter. The tunnel under the lake is 5 feet in diameter, or height rather, its shape being oval, and is bricked up as fast as dug. The work has already proceeded a considerable distance from the shaft. Next summer a water-tight crib will be sunk out in the lake, two miles from shore. The work of sinking the large iron tube will then be undertaken. As fast as the tube is sunk the earth will be removed from the interior, and when the depth of 68 feet is reached tunneling to meet the shore will begin. The object of this arrangement will be to secure a larger quantity of pure air. Mr. JOHN P. OFFERMAN has charge of the works.



REAR VIEW OF THE HOWLETT HOUSE BATTERY, AS SEEN FROM OUR ADVANCE PICKET LINE.—[SEE PAGE 62.]



PARIS FASHIONS FOR JANUARY, 1865.—[See Page 62.]



THE TUNNEL
WELL HOUSE
THE WELL

THE NEW WATER-WORKS AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.—From Sketches by Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 60.]

PARIS FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

FOR the soirées and fêtes of the winter season just inaugurated, the modes are remarkable for the luxury and complication of the ornaments and arrangements of dresses and coiffures. Brocaded silk, satin, and velvet dresses abound; but plush velvets are preferred to the ordinary plain velvets or cloths, the last being almost entirely confined to morning dress. As for bonnets, they are reduced almost to simple fanchons, and leave but little space for the exercise of the decorative imagination of the modistes, who, however, by the introduction of peacocks' and other feathers, rich flowers, and laces, still contrive to render their productions as costly as before.

Short paletots and short rotondes, with or without hoods, are the *pardessus de préférence;* but the hood, or capuchin, will be a special characteristic of the '65 winter season, and is very gracefully shaped and ornamented with ruching in silk or in swan-down.

In the way of furs, Astrakan, particularly for trimming, is much patronized, and deservedly so, for it is always elegant in appearance, and admits of very general application to different parts of a lady's toilet.

Long waistbands of lace are generally *en vogue* for the present season; they are mostly black, but white ones are also worn. For the toilet of a bride the white lace waistband over a satin robe is extremely elegant and tasteful.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Evening Dress.*—Robe of pale rose-colored taffeta, the corsage *à ceinture* ornamented with a sort of basquine composed of black velvet bands trimmed with lace. The sleeves are provided with a narrow trimming to match, designed as shown in our Illustration.

Fig. 2. *Visiting Dress.*—Fawn-colored robe of poplin or taffeta, with trimmings either in moire antique or velvet, several shades darker than that of the dress. Sometimes a plain light-colored silk is chosen for this style of robe, and then the trimmings just mentioned are advantageously replaced by black satin ornaments. Velvet waistband, fastened with buckle in mother-of-pearl. Light-brown velvet bonnet, trimmed with a white lace fanchon and a twisted feather.

Fig. 3. *Walking Dress.*—Plain but ample black silk dress. The principal feature of this toilet is the blue velvet pile-cloth mantle, which is thickly trimmed with brandebourgs attached by large mother-of-pearl buttons.

The Coiffure.—The head-dress depicted in the background of our engraving is the most novel as to arrangement, and has been frequently executed with success by one of the principal hair-dressers in Paris; the ornamentation consists of black velvet and an abundance of imitation coral beads.

THE WILMINGTON EXPEDITION AGAIN.

GENERAL BUTLER's Report and a portion of Lieutenant-General GRANT's correspondence with General BUTLER throw a new light upon the failure of the Wilmington Expedition. So far as the question of an assault was concerned there is little room for argument. It is possible that an assault may have been unwise under the circumstances. And no officer, with the single exception of Admiral PORTER, has even by implication censured General BUTLER for saving the lives of his men from needless slaughter.

Still the fact remains that General BUTLER has been removed, and this measure has evidently been adopted at the suggestion of the Lieutenant-General. It may be that the removal had already been decided upon before the expedition was undertaken, or it may have been that some circumstances connected with General BUTLER's conduct of that expedition have finally turned the balance against him. It is not difficult to believe that the latter supposition is the true one. General BUTLER has for months occupied a position in which he must cooperate with other officers. It may have been found that he was peculiarly and by his very constitution unfitted for such a position. Apart from this general conjecture, it is certain that in this particular instance of the Wilmington Expedition he failed to do what was expected of him.

In the first place, it was expected that General WEITZEL should command the expedition; the command was expressly assigned to him. BUTLER took the command upon himself. In the second place, BUTLER was behind time in getting prepared. As early as November 30, GRANT wrote to BUTLER that BRAGG had taken most of the forces defending Wilmington into Georgia to oppose SHERMAN.

Again, on December 4, GRANT wrote: "I feel great anxiety to see the Wilmington expedition off, both on account of the present fine weather, which we can expect no continuance of, and because SHERMAN may now be expected to strike the sea-coast any day, leaving BRAGG free to return. I think it advisable for you to notify Admiral PORTER, and get off without delay, with or without your powder-boat." A week later GRANT wrote again, urging haste. "If you do not get off immediately you will lose the chance of surprising a weak garrison." Again, on the 14th: "What is the prospect for getting your expedition started? It is a great pity we were not ten or twelve days earlier. I am confident it would have been successful."

But BUTLER seems to have been obstinate about the powder-ship. It is almost ludicrous to what extent the leaders of the expedition built up their hope of success on a mere experiment. BUTLER delayed so long that another delay necessarily followed upon a change in the weather.

General GRANT evidently intended that the troops, which numbered 6500, should remain on shore after landing, even if they could not successfully assault the fort. The rebels evidently feared that this policy would be adopted. But BUTLER seems to have misapprehended GRANT's instructions. He says in his report that these did not contemplate a siege. But why take intrenching tools if not for the purpose of laying siege to the fort? Certainly there is enough in the conduct of this expedition, as seen in the light of the above documents, to justify General BUTLER's removal from command. The attitude which BUTLER takes in his farewell order to his troops is one very unjust to General GRANT. He tries to make it appear that he was removed because he was not willing to risk the lives of his men in a useless assault. This is not fair, and it is not calculated to impress men favorably with General BUTLER himself.

General GRANT, after BUTLER's failure, organized the military division under the command of General TERRY, which, in co-operation with PORTER's fleet, has taken the fort. The attack this time proceeded under more favorable auspices. The land force was larger, and no warning was given to the rebels by weeks of delay. After the landing of the expedition a careful reconnoissance was made, and it was decided to risk an assault, which was made at 3.30 P.M. on the 15th. After six hours' severe fighting the fort was captured, with over a thousand prisoners and from 40 to 70 guns. Our loss is stated at 500.

The sketches which we give on pages 56 and 57 relate to the previous action against Fort Fisher, but they will also convey to the reader an adequate idea of the main features of the situation in this second attack.

THE HOWLETT HOUSE BATTERY.

THE Howlett House Battery is situated on the south bank of the James River, forming the extreme left of the rebel works covering the approaches to Petersburg. This battery commanded the bend of the river around Farrar's Island, which an attempt has been made to cut off by the Dutch Gap Canal. The river at this point was obstructed, and our Monitors, in ascending, had to encounter these obstructions and the fire from the Howlett House Battery at the same time. If the canal should prove a success, then the new course of the river will render this battery useless. Others, however, have been constructed higher up, and commanding the advance by way of the Gap.

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For $3 75 a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
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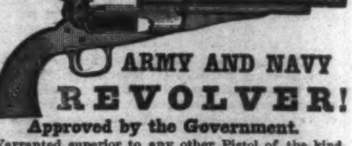

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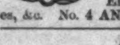

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